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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A MIGHTY MUSTER

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook County Gather in Multitudes, Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies, at Ogden Grove.

The Victory of the Yellow Ford and the Eve of Irish Home Rule Celebrated Simultaneously.

The Principle of Irish Nationality Upheld in the Addresses, Resolutions and Orations.

Speeches by Hon. W. H. Joyce, Hon. M. V. Gannon, Matthew P. Brady, John J. Fitzgibbon, M. J. Keane, and John F. Finerty.

The Greatest Irish Gathering Ever Held in Chicago.

The Grand Gathering.

The largest gathering, of any element, ever assembled in Ogden's Grove, this city, rallied there last Monday afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county. At 4 o'clock the crowd was large, at 6 o'clock larger still, and at 8 o'clock it reached its highest flood mark, when there must have been in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand people, of both sexes, and nearly all ages, on the ground. In fact, at that hour, and along until 10:30 o'clock, there was not room for an additional hundred people in the grove.

All the arrangements were perfect. The gateway was faithfully attended, and the field restaurants were crowded to suffocation but excellently well served. The usual games and pastimes were in full operation, and the dancing sheds were so well patronized that it looked as if the floors could hardly sustain the merry makers. Military music was furnished by Prof. O'Connell's excellent band, and the music of terpsichore was all that could be expected, from both string and wind instruments, the latter including the ancient Irish bagpipes, such as were played when King Brian kept "open house" in Kinkora, or King Roderick in Cruchan. The speakers' platform was situated at the western end of the grove, and was beautifully decorated with American and Irish colors. The greatest good humor prevailed throughout, and, although the nectar of Gambrinus flowed freely, owing to the thirst produced by the great heat of the day, there was no intoxication noticeable, and everything passed off without a single disagreeable incident. Among those present on the grounds were noticed:

M. J. Kelly, Thomas Ahearn, James McLaughlin, John McEniff, Patrick Loftus, Edward Murphy, Patrick Scott, Patrick Finerty, James Doran, David Aiman, Thomas McCarthy, Edward Ring, Patrick Kinslow, Maurice Coffey, Bernard Quinn, Thomas Hand, William H. Joyce, P. B. Flanagan, Patrick O'Brien, Col. Thomas L. Hartigan, William Houlihan, Michael Allen, John Gibbons, Harry P. Fleming, P. V. Fitzpatrick, Martin Garrity, J. J O'Connell, J. T. Keating, Col. James H. Lynch, Capt. P. F. Ryan, James C. Strain, Thomas McDermott, Martin Mulcahy, Thomas Flanegan, Lawrence Hensly, Michael McInerney, John J. Mahoney, Daniel Corkery, James Bradley, Capt. L R Buckley, Hugh K. Jordan, Jeremiah Moynihan, William McCoy, Capt. Thomas A Beckett, Maurice Moore, James Moran, John W. Stanton, Daniel Coughlin, Lieut. Col. F. T. Colby, John McGovern, John Beegan, Ald. John Powers, Alderman William F. Mahoney, Arthur McKeown, Thomas F. Burke, John McNulty, J. W. McCarthy, Roger C. Sullivan, Michael Harrington, William Madden, John P. Dougherty, David L Barry, John McHugh, Edward Cosgrove, Capt. Thos. O'Neill Jones, John McCaffery, Michael Fitzgerald, James Farrell, Ald. Martin Morrison, James T. Clarke, Myles Kehoe, Ald. M. J. O'Brien, Patrick Morris, M. J. Kelly, Francis Maguire, M. P. Brady, M. J. Keane, J. E. O'Connor, John McCaffrey, W. H. Kelly, P. M. Kelly, F. D. Kinsella, James O'Toole, J J McDonnell, John Anstro, M. O'Connor, Walter J. Gibbons, Thomas Murphy, John F. O'Malley, Thomas Cannon, William H. Lyman, James O'Malley, A G. Duggan, J. E. Long, P. F. Conway, Peter Doyle, C. J. McCarthy, Maurice O'Shea, Thomas Fitzgerald, John Callaghan, M. W. Williams, John Maloney, M. Kennedy, John F. Healy, Charles Callanan, Lawrence King, J J. O'Keefe, William Carroll, Timothy F. McCarthy, John J Fitzgibbon, Prof. J J. McCarthy, John Callaghan, Capt. O'Connor, U.S.A., and family; Mr. James Lane, born in 1793, who danced three jigs with great dexterity and pleased all who beheld him; Dennis O'Connor, M. C. McDonald, William Horgan, William Rawleigh, John Hickey, John Ambrose, William Fogarty, Thomas F. Keeley, Eugene Keeley, Daniel J. Gallery, James Goggin, P. McHugh, Francis W. Walker, Dr. J.A. Fitzpatrick, Lemont; Hon. J. W. McCarthy, Lemont; James Lyman, George Byron Hennessey, James McInerney, John Sweeney, Surgeon T. F. O'Malley, Collector Miller, Capt. Martin Hayes, Capt. Patrick O'Connor, Philip H. Ryan, Jr.; P. H. Heffron, William Neale, S. J. Forhan, J. S. Mullen, Lieut. Charles O'Connor, Hon. M. T. Maloney, Ottawa, Ill., Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, John Gibbons, and thousands of others, most of whom were accompanied by their families.

The fine battalions of the Hibernian Rifles and Clan-na-Gael Guards, under Col. J. H. Lynch and Capt. Lawrence R. Buckley, reinforced by a smart detachment of the Emmet Rifles, under Capt. Sackett; and by a dozen uniformed Gaelic Athletic Clubs—a splendid body of young men—mustered at McCoy's Hotel, South Clark and VanBuren streets, at 1:45 o'clock, for the purpose of escorting the officers, speakers and invited guests to the grove. Among those in the carriages were the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, Neb., president of the Irish National League of America; John F. Finerty, president of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county, and family; Mr. Matthew P. Brady, the Hon. William H. Joyce, Mr. Daniel O'Connor, vice-president United Irish Societies and family; Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, president Calumet National Bank; William McCoy, M. J. Kelly, chairman executive committee of the United Irish Societies; Daniel Corkery, William Gavin, treasurer United Irish Societies; John Dowling, corresponding secretary; F. F. McCarthy, financial secretary, F. D Kinsella, B. K. Jordan and many others. The line of march was north on Clark street to Chicago avenue, West on Chicago avenue to Clybourn and then north to the grove, where the procession arrived at 3:20 o'clock and immediately entered the grounds, where the guests and marching column were received with loud and prolonged cheers. The people then began thronging to the speakers stand, and, at 4 o'clock, the audience in front of it could be numbered by the thousand. The stand was completely filled, there being barely room for the chairman and speakers in "the bay" reserved for their use. The platform was built about eighteen inches too high for the convenience of the orators, but a well constructed sounding-board, atoned for this defect.

The Afternoon Meeting.

At 4 o'clock the president, Mr. John F. Finerty, called the great meeting to order and introduced the Hon. W. H. Joyce to preside over the afternoon gathering. Mr. P. B. Flannigan was chosen secretary of the meeting.

Mr. Joyce, in opening the proceedings delivered an eloquent and telling address, in which he strongly upheld the national sentiment of the Irish people, and predicted their final triumph. Although methods had changed, he said, the cause had undergone no transformation. It was still the same, as in the days of long ago, when good and true men fought and died for it; and if, in the future, it was compelled again to demand such sacrifices of its votaires, they would be cheerfully made. He concluded with a brilliant apostrophe to the spirit of liberty, and was loudly applauded.

Address and Resolutions.

The secretary then read the address and resolutions as follows:

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: The sixteenth recurrence of the Annual Irish National Demonstration of Chicago and Cook county, under the auspices of the United Irish Societies, prompts us to address a few words to you relative to the cause of human liberty and national independence in Ireland. Since we last assembled in Ogden's Grove mighty changes have taken place in the aspect of the Irish cause. Notwithstanding the inevitable discouragement resulting from a change of leadership, and the disagreement of Ireland's representative men, the spirit of the masses of the Irish people has not been broken or subdued. Even the sudden and lamentable death of their ablest parliamentary leader did not dismay them; and, although, owing to dissensions which we cannot too deeply deplore, they lost five seats to the enemies of liberty and independence in their country, they still retain the formidable proportion of eighty out of one hundred and three representatives in the Imperial Parliament to demand back the autonomy of which they were so basely robbed at the beginning of this century. A people who can thus defy both foreign jealousy and native discord to break their spirit deserve the applause of the humane of all countries, and making due allowance for the difficulties that have beset them during the last two years, we cannot withhold from them our expressions of congratulation and sympathy. But we mingle with these our sincere hope and desire that they may in the future present a united front to the common foe, and thus be enabled to conquer back from England the rights she has plundered from them.

While we are unchanged and unchangeable in the belief that Ireland is entitled to a separate political existence in the same degree as other ancient and respectable nations whose territories and population, like hers, are comparatively small, yet we recognize that changed conditions make it advisable for us to accept from the reluctant oppressor a reasonable concession of self-government which will enable the Irish people at home to again increase and multiply, and own the soil which they cultivate. A parliament in Dublin that would enable them to control the judiciary, the police, the militia and the internal revenues of the island, would be acceptable from every standpoint; but, at the same time we accept, without reservation, the declaration of the late Charles Stewart Parnell that "No power on earth can set limits to the aspirations of a people determined to be free."

It is undeniable that if the present drain of emigration from Ireland should continue some years longer, none would be left in the country but the aged and infirm, and to all intents and purposes the Irish people would be exterminated as a political power on their own soil. They are not in a condition to resort to arms. England is at peace with the world, and therefore a manly and honorable settlement of the question without seeking to bind future generations would be acceptable to all lovers of the brave old country which has for centuries defied the resources of an Empire to subdue her resistance. But if the British parliament permeated by the evil spirit of the past should again dash from Ireland's lips the cup of peace and justice, we hold that it would be our duty, and the duty of all men who abhor tyranny and love liberty, to consider and use other and more effective means to right the intolerable wrongs that have made Ireland a bye-word among the nations. The intolerant pride of empire has been broken before today, and can be again, by the will and the power of an injured and insulted people. Wherefore we resolve:

1st That we tender to the Irish people, in their struggle for self-government, our most cordial sympathy, and hope for their glorious success in the coming momentous battle for the re establishment of their inherent rights.

2d. That we urge upon their leaders the absolute necessity of union and harmony, without which permanement victory cannot be obtained.

3d. That we applaud the resolve of the Irish Parliamentary party, without regard to section, to act independently of all English parties until the rights they seek for Ireland are fully and frankly returned to her.

4th. That we repudiate the idea of acceptance of office under any English government by Irish members of parliament, until an Irish parliament duly invested with the sovereign power over the internal interests of Ireland is in session in College Green.

5th. That, as today we celebrate the anniversary of a gallant Irish victory obtained by our brave forefathers over the generals and soldiers of Elizabeth, so, in the near future, we hope to celebrate a bloodless victory for Ireland which shall obtain for her the right to legislate for herself and to give honor, prosperity and happiness to her people of every race and creed.

The address and resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Mr. Agnew's Regrets.

He also read the following from the Hon. Francis Agnew, who had been selected to preside at the afternoon meeting:

CHICAGO Ill., Aug. 10.—*John F. Finerty, President United Irish Societies, Dear Sir:* I deeply regret that continued illness will prevent my attendance at the demonstration to be held at Ogden Grove on the 15th inst. And while I must spend the day in the sick room I hope that you and those that you represent will spend a pleasant and happy day and evening, and that your meeting will be what all our demonstrations have been, a movement toward the attainment of that exalted and united purpose, of that unselfish and deathless love of motherland, which should thrill the heart of every Irishman and Irishwoman, who have found a generous welcome, and so often a prosperous career, inside the bosom of this great nation. I cordially join in the sincere hope that national affairs in Ireland may be soon adjusted, and that unity may be secured and fully prevail among our people, and that the Irish people in the old land and throughout the world may soon have occasion to rejoice in the free and perfect establishment of Home Rule in Ireland—this long delayed and bitterly contested first instalment of justice to Ireland, which—while the shackles of coercion are on Ireland's limbs, and English dungeons still hold the Irish victims of English police conspiracy—would be a mockery of that justice it professes to extend. What subsequent instalments of justice may follow Home Rule must depend upon the enlightened conscience of England and the re-formed and unfaltering ranks of the Irish in Ireland, inspired and encouraged by the unbending resolution of the whole Irish race throughout the world. I am, dear Mr. Finerty, fraternally yours,

FRANCIS AGNEW.

Hon. M. V. Gannon's Speech.

Hon. M. V. Gannon, president of the Irish National League in America, who was loudly cheered, followed with a short address, saying:

The recent election in England was the greatest revolution of modern times worked out in a manner peacefully and by the mere force of public opinion created by persistent and intelligent agitation.

I regard it as a peculiarly fortunate thing that the majority with which Mr. Gladstone has to work is made up of Irish members, as it gives little opportunity for trimming and shirking the great question for minor issues. What is our duty toward this condition of affairs? Plainly to accept it as far as it goes, as for six years the Irish people under appalling circumstances and goaded by petty Tory malice have implicitly trusted to the promise of the Grand Old Man.

We should give our brethren that moral and material support which heretofore has contributed so largely to the success of the movement. I may tell you confidently that the "peace mission" so much derided in certain quarters has been largely instrumental in bringing about that unity which hurled Gladstone from power by a united Irish vote.

Much of the present solidarity of the party is due to the Irish of Chicago. How could it be otherwise? You have had the advice of the paper which I consider the best Irish journal on this side of the Atlantic, your guide, philosopher and friend, THE CITIZEN, and you have, in the past, been guided and organized by that peerless leader of men, Alexander Sullivan. (Loud cheers). Mr. Gannon then went into an able historical review of the Irish movement and concluded by predicting a speedy and glorious victory for Ireland.

Mr. M. P. Brady's Speech.

Mr. Matthew P. Brady, was next introduced, and delivered a lengthy and able address, in which he recited with vivid force the disabilities under which Ireland had so long suffered. He said that while no man there present, or elsewhere, believed more firmly than he in the right of an oppressed people to strike for their liberties, under favorable circumstances he could not conceal from himself the absolute necessity of accepting from the government of Mr. Gladstone a reasonable measure of Home Rule. If some relief was not forthcoming, and that immediately, the Irish nation would practically bleed to death. The life drain must be stopped at whatever hazard, and the Irish in America should give to their struggling brethren beyond the waves all the moral and material assistance within their power. (Loud cheers.) He could not, of course, propose, the final outcome of the great struggle for Irish Home Rule now progressing in Great Britain and Ireland, but, as Mr. Gladstone's fame as a man of honor, and his reputation as a statesman were at stake, he felt certain that it would be fought out to a successful issue. (Cheers.) He urged on all friends of Ireland the necessity for united action, and said that such a union would be more effective in the eyes of the hostile party in England than even voluminous monetary contributions, although these last were necessary for the strengthening of the sinews of moral warfare. The hands of the men who were struggling in the breach should be upheld, and Gladstone's policy should be firmly sustained so long as he and his party observed good faith toward the Irish people. (Loud cheers.) For his own part, he scorned to suspect a gentleman of Gladstone's age and antecedents of treachery. He had greatly erred, and greatly repented, and it behooved a manly and generous race, such as the Irish, to accept his repentance in good faith and not be eternally insulting him by unjust and unfounded suspicions, which originated from the machinations of his Tory enemies. (Continued applause.)

By pursuing a firm, but moderate policy; by comporting themselves with dignity and decision, the Irish people at home, sustained most heartily and universally by their more fortunate brethren in other lands, would arrive at that goal of liberty, for which they so long suffered and struggled. (Applause.) He had no doubt of the ultimate, perhaps the speedy, triumph of the Home Rule cause for already the red dawn of freedom was in the skies, lighting the mountain peaks of Ireland with the promise of a glorious resurrection of the people's long lost liberties. (Prolonged applause.)

THE EVENING MEETING.

Fully nine or ten thousand people had congregated in front of the speakers' stand at 8 o'clock, when Mr. M. J. Kelly, chairman of the executive committee, called the mighty mass to order, and, in a few well chosen words, introduced the veteran Irish-American Nationalist, their true and tried friend, John J. Fitzgibbon, of South Chicago, to preside.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, who was received with loud cheers, in complimentary terms, introduced Mr. Daniel Corkery, chairman of the committee on resolutions, to read the address and resolutions, as published elsewhere. Mr. Corkery also read the following, in memory of ex Ald. E. P. Burke, and they, together with the others, were adopted without a dissenting voice:

In Memory of Ex-Ald. E. P. Burke.

The recent and unexpected death of our respected and beloved friend ex Alderman Edward P. Burke, has filled us with profound regret. We miss him as only the genial and the true are missed at all gatherings called for the furtherance of Irish liberty, because, although not born upon Irish soil, Edward Burke was warmly and unchangeably attached to the land and the cause of his fathers.

Ireland never called upon him in vain, and America found in him an affectionate son, and a devoted, upright citizen. As the years roll by we are called upon to mourn many a friend and many a comrade. Good and true men take their places and fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before. But it is natural that we should remember with pride and with gratitude those who stood side by side with us in many a former struggle; whose hearts are now cold and whose lips are silent forever. Wherefore,

Resolved, By the United Irish Societies and their friends assembled here today, that we hereby make evident our respect for our late true-hearted associate, and tender to his bereaved family our most profound sympathy in their irreparable bereavement.

Resolved, That, as Irish Nationalists, we feel grateful to Edward Burke for his fidelity to the cause, proven under all circumstances during his long residence among us.

Resolved, That, as American citizens, we are proud of his public record, which was without a blemish, and those who were not in accord with him politically join as heartily in doing honor to his memory as those who were.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to the family of Mr. Burke; and that they be also published in the daily and weekly newspapers of this city.

Mr. Fitzgibbon's Speech.

Mr. Fitzgibbon then proceeded to address the great assemblage in substance as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county deserve our heartfelt thanks for making this demonstration the largest and the greatest that was ever held in this city for the cause of Irish liberty. This vast assembly of Irish-Americans and their sympathizers in Ogden Grove today has behind it the organized, experienced and disciplined representatives of the United Irish Societies, who have devoted their time, their labors and their means to make these Irish national demonstrations an unqualified success. When the true history of the struggle for Irish nationality is recorded, those earnest and indefatigable workers who represent the Irish-Americans of Chicago, more numerous now than the population of Dublin, will be accorded their full meed of praise, honor and fame as the conservators and upholders of the indestructible principles of Irish nationality. For a third of a century Chicago has been foremost in all the movements which were directed towards the freedom of Ireland. Here in this city was held the first National convention of the Fenian Brotherhood in the year of our Lord 1863. In the same year the great Irish National Fair, which was an immense success and created a tremendous public sentiment throughout the length and breadth of this land for the Irish cause, was held in Chicago. It might be truly said that this city was the back bone of the Fenian movement in America. You all know that a Chicago man, one of the first among them, the distinguished President of the United Irish Societies, organized the great convention held in McCormick hall, in this city, in 1881, the outcome of which was to send millions to fight the battle for Irish rights and liberty. Here it was that Parnell and his colleagues received in the old Exposition building an ovation which far surpassed any other demonstration of the kind ever held in America. If then Europe has witnessed a few days ago the most tremendous peaceful revolution that ever took place in the history of the world, a revolution which declared at the ballot-box in Wales, Ireland, Scotland and England, that Ireland should regain to some extent the right to self government, no men in Ireland or America have done more to bring about this grand result than the Irish Nationalists and United Irish Societies of Chicago. But what we have done in the past we will increase a hundred fold in the future, when we find that the men who, to some extent, represent the hallowed and sacred cause of Irish nationality will sink their enmities, their personal differences and bickerings and pull out of one swinging bar to raise up Ireland to her place among the nations. The men who block the highway to Irish freedom now, no matter how exalted the positions they may hold, will go into history as the enemies of the Irish race, and with tarnished memories, but the Old Flag will rise again

When the laws can stop the blades of grass
from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their
verdure dare not show;
Then I will change the color that I wear in
my cauheen,
But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to
the Wearing of the Green.

(Great applause.)

Mr. Keane's Address.

Mr. Fitzgibbon then introduced Mr. M J. Keane, who is a rapidly rising Irish-American public speaker. Mr. Keane, who was cordially greeted, congratulated the meeting on the great success of the demonstration, and said that the unquenchable spirit of Irish nationality in all countries had at length forced the greatest of English parties, led by the ablest of British statesmen, to declare that the odious and fraudulent Union enactment of 1800 should be undone, so far, at least, as it bore on the internal wants of Ireland. (Cheers.) Whatever concession might be granted would be obtained not by any cringing or crawling policy, but by a bold, manly, statesmanlike procedure, controlled by reason and by circumstances, which would compel the respect of England, by showing her that Irishmen knew what was due to them and were resolved to have their rights, and nothing less than their rights. He thought preceding speakers were right in declaring that the Irishmen of Chicago had always endeavored to do their duty, and had played no weak part in seeking to obtain for Ireland the inestimable boon of self government; and he felt that their future in that respect would be equal to their past. (Great cheering.)

President Finerty's Speech.

Mr. Finerty, who received a very cordial greeting, spoke, in effect, as follows:

They had met there that day to celebrate the glories of the past, as well as to give voice to the hopes of the present. Nearly three centuries ago on that day, O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, had overthrown the army of Marshal Bagnal at the Yellow Ford, and one year later, in the Curlew Pass of the Coraliph Mountains, Red Hugh O'Donnell had routed the combined forces of Generals Norreys and Clifford. (Loud cheers.) They had a right to remember, and be proud of, those splendid victories which attested the valor and the patriotism of their brave forefathers in the proud days when Ireland's sword flamed in the van of the long battle for freedom, and when the soldiers of Elizabeth Tudor, the most potent enemy of their race, felt and respected their prowess. Less than a hundred years ago, Irishmen were found valorous and self sacrificing enough to meet the British troops in the field, and the gallant achievements of the pikemen of '98 had rendered the bold counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Down and Antrim classical in the martial history of Ireland. (Great applause.) But a change had come over the spirit of their dream and of their policy. The sword and the pike were no longer depended upon, in this degenerate age, as the arbiters of a nation's freedom and glory, but, if they could not claim the lustre of warlike victories themselves, let them, at least, be thankful that they were descended from sires who knew how to conquer or perish. (Loud cheers.)

This was the era of agitation. Inaugurated by O'Connell, with the temporary brilliant interlude of Young Ireland and the noble but almost unavailing sacrifices of the Fenian organization and the Irish Republican brotherhood, it had been pursued for forty five years by the successors of the Catholic Emancipator, and most successfully by the latest of the great parliamentary chiefs, now no more, Charles Stewart Parnell. (Continued applause.) But it should not be forgotten that any partial triumph gained by the Irish agitators was due, primarily, to the devotion and the courage of the Irish revolutionists, who had suffered and died for the cause they believed to be the most sacred under heaven. They should, and they did, revere the memory of the gallant and unselfish Tone, who abandoned everything that made life worth the living, country, wife and children in order to bring the powerful, but too tardy, aid of republican France to the shores of Ireland; and who, when arraigned before the murderous court martial, which had not the right, under military or civil law, to try him, exclaimed, "I am prouder to wear these fetters for Ireland than if I were Pitt at the head of the British Empire." (Long continued applause); of the brave Lord Edward, the heroic scion of the House of Kildare, who severed every tie that bound him to the proud aristocracy among whom he was born and nurtured, and who died in the dungeons of Newgate the death of a hero and a martyr (applause); of Robert Emmet, who gave up his young love, and his young life, in a daring attempt to dissolve the union forced upon Ireland, by the machinations of Pitt and Castlereagh, through the corrupt and unconstitutional vote of the rotten borough members who cut the throat of Grattan's Protestant Irish parliament. (Applause.) Nor should they be less proud of the memories of the men of later times, Thomas Davis, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, James Stephens, John O Mahony, Charles Kickham, the martyrs of Manchester, the Irish military prisoners, and all the other true and tried men, who made possible the success of Mr. Parnell, who was the heir and the beneficiary of their fortitude and their constancy. (Applause.)

Mr. Parnell had reduced the business of political agitation to a scientific basis. In one of his earliest speeches, denouncing the weakness and corruption of Irish members of the British parliament, he had said: These men could compel justice to Ireland from any English government provided they were persons of determination and integrity. In 1852 an independent Irish party was formed, and then, undoubtedly, Ireland had a chance to achieve the object she sought if her representatives had remained faithful to their pledges. The Tories were in office in the previous parliament, and as long as the Tories were in power the Independent Irish party held together. They only became recreant when the Whigs returned to office. Then they split into sections. Keogh and Sadlier, who swore they never would take office under the government, betrayed the interests of the tenant farmers who trusted them and the cause was lost. Mr. Parnell, throughout his wonderful career, had exercised such a power over his followers that he controlled the English parties at his pleasure, until, finally, the Liberals were obliged to endorse the principle of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone himself had so bitterly denounced the treasonable scoundrelism by which the Act of Union was carried that he could not, considering his good age and his desire to keep his latter day record unsullied, lend himself to debauching the parliamentary representatives of the country he wished to partially emancipate; but were he to debauch them; were any of them weak and base enough to betray their country and their constituents, the Irish people would know how to punish their treason and make it odious. (Great cheering.)

For the first time since the ill-omened Union of 1800, Ireland actually held the balance of power in her own hands. (Cheers.) Her eighty votes held the Whig government in a grasp of iron, and were Gladstone to go back upon his pledges, which he (Mr. Finerty) considered outside of probability, Ireland could say to him, "Mr. Gladstone, I respect your gray hairs and your extreme age, but were you as old as Methusaleh, if you betrayed me, you'd have to get out of office." (Laughter and cheers.) Some people believed that the final triumph of the Home Rule bill was impossible because of the opposition of the Lords. Mr. Gladstone himself in his recent speech in parliament, had adroitly refused to believe that the Lords would reject the bill when it was sent up from the commons; but he knew in his heart that the Lords would reject it, as they had rejected all previous measures of reform, until forced to recede by the pressure of public opinion. (Hear, hear.) Those who were familiar with modern English history would remember the great struggle for English reform in 1830-32. After the Wellington-Peel Tory ministry had resigned, that of Lord de Grey and Lord John Russell, the leading Whigs, came into power. By a vote in the house of commons, the bill passed by a majority of one. The Lords, of course, rejected it. After some little delay, the ministry appealed to the country and the result was an overwhelming majority in the commons for the bill. The Lords again rejected it. The ministry applied to King William IV for authority to create sufficient new peers to overcome the Tory majority in the house of lords. This William peremptorily refused to grant. The ministry resigned. The Tories would not form a cabinet. The business of the country came to a standstill, and terrible excitement reigned in London and throughout the country. Lord John Russell went so far as to permit his confidential secretary to write to Sir Charles Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde, then commanding the forces in the north of England, and ask him as to whether, in the event of a crisis, he would march his army upon London and overawe both the Lords and Throne. Napier, who was a soldier, not a politician, indignantly refused, and promised to use the letter in case any British subject should be put on trial by Russell, if he were at the head of the government, for high treason. He kept his promise when, in 1848, Smith O'Brien and his comrades were tried for treason, and sentenced to be executed, under Russell's administration. But the popular excitement in England rose to such a pitch that King William became frightened and begged the sulking ministers to take back their portfolios, saying that they might make as many new lords as they liked, so long as they returned to business and left him his crown. (Cheers and laughter.) Well, they started the machine for the

[Continued on the Fifth Page.]

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Isver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER IX.

Quitting the farmhouse, O'Dowd accompanied our hero half way across the battlefield, then bade him a hearty *slan leat*, and left him to make his way to where the glimmering lanterns betokened the movements of the ambulance party.

A heavy rain now began to fall, and lurid sheets of lightning flashed with ghastly effect over the field of slaughter. Now and then Fergus' foot stepped upon a soft, yielding substance, which he well knew to be a human body. Several imploring voices addressed him as he passed onwards—voices of wounded men, French and English, Dutch and Germans, appealing to him in their various tongue for succor and relief in their sufferings.

At intervals he halted to give some of these victims of war a drink from a flask he had brought with him from the farmhouse; but the vessel was soon emptied, and all he could do to comfort the poor fellows on either side of his grim track, as they clutched at his legs and raised their pallid features, wet with the pouring rain, entreatingly to his, was to promise to send the ambulance as soon as possible to convey them from the field.

Oh, what a tale of deep sorrow and suffering was told by some of those feeble, imploring voices! Some there were that gave ample token of the brave and soldierly hearts of their owners, that uttered their requests for aid in tones of manly fortitude and endurance, and returned even courteous thanks for the promise of relief held out to them; while some stricken wretches, writhing in the agony of their wounds, accompanied their cry for help with a dread imprecation or a shocking blasphemy, and cursed the seeming callousness of the passer by. Courage and cowardice, hope, resignation, and despair, patient suffering and frantic lamentation—many were the traits of character, the phases of passion, strikingly displayed on that gory field beside the Main—that gloomy field over which the lightning was blazing and the rain descending in blinding sheets.

At length, as Fergus arrived within a few perches of the place where his comrades of the Brigade were pursuing their humane work of succoring the wounded, his attention was attracted by a voice which he felt was somehow familiar to him—the voice of an English cavalry officer who was lying helpless beside the dead body of his charger.

"This way, friend; help me, for the love of heaven!"

Going towards him, he found him to be Cornet Tennison (of the family of Castle Tennison in Roscommon), who had commanded the dragoon escort which formerly conveyed him from Deel Castle to the county jail of Mayo. The officer was quite disabled, having received a ball in the hip at the close of the action.

"Ah, I recollect," he said, when Fergus had revealed his identity; "you are the young Rapparee we captured in the wood the night of the ball. This is a strange meeting of ours."

"You knew many of the Tirawley folk?"

"Why, yes, to be sure; I became acquainted with a good many people when I was stationed in the locality."

"You knew Miss Bourke of Rappa?"

"I think so. I suppose you mean the daughter of old Edmund, Miss Marion Bourke—she who ran away with Captain Lindsay. Yes, I knew her."

Fergus started as if a bayonet had pierced him; his face grew whiter than that of the wounded Tennison.

"With Guy Lindsay of Belleek?"

"Exactly. By the way, I understand that he had a private grudge against you. But pray, friend, fetch me some assistance; I am suffering fearfully, thanks to this cursed bullet."

"You shall have immediate attention," replied Fergus, and hurrying to where the fatigue party were removing the wounded, he sent a few of them with a stretcher to aid the disabled cornet.

His comrades hailed him with cheery words of welcome, Murty McAndrew being specially joyous and effusive in his greeting, while Captains Glascock and Fitzgerald, on seeing him, advanced and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Bless us, O'Ronan!" exclaimed the former, "you must have the luck of all the fairies in Ireland. We were all proud of your bold attempt at dispatch duty today, and agreed that you were just cut out for a dashing aide-de-camp. Lord Clare kept his glass well focused on you till you got lost in the melee of that desperate charge, in which, by the by, we thought you had been slashed to mincemeat."

Fergus then learned the story of the battle; how the impetuous Duke de Grammont had ruined the plans of his uncle by rashly quitting his secure position to oppose the enemy in the open—a fatal error which led to the defeat of the French arrangements, and the victory, or rather the escape, of the Allies.

Six hundred wounded had been left by the latter forces on the field, with a letter from Stair recommending them to the protection of Marshal Noailles. These were now being attended to by a party of the Brigade, who transported every Irish and English soldier to the hospital before they removed one Austrian or Hanoverian.

And so the battle of Dettingen had been fought and lost without the ardent Irish Brigade having it in their power to flesh a bayonet or fire a shot. Far to the right of the scene of action the gallant corps had waited in vain for the order that should hurl them against the foe, their Celtic bosoms steeled and eager for conflict. "We should have been infallibly cut to pieces, to the last officer and soldier," wrote one of their officers, "before either Frenchman or Englishman should have had it in their power to reproach us with turning our backs, notwithstanding any inequality, till a retreat should be commanded."

But on another field, and at a not very distant day, the Brigade would be brought front to front with their national foes, brought bayonet to bayonet with the royal troops of England.

A few evenings after the battle Glascock's company was ordered for reconnoitring duty in the mountainous country to the southward, to assist in checking the crowds of foragers who were sent out from the advancing Austrian force of Prince Charles of Lorraine.

The duty was of a very critical kind, life being never so precarious as it was among the beetling crags and gloomy forests and white cataracts of the Spessart Wald, where the German Jagers—lithe, active mountaineers in green jackets and red caps—were crouching in ambush, and the reports of their long rifles rang echoing along the mountain side.

One evening, after a fatiguing day's skirmishing, about a dozen of the Irish were resting themselves on a pine-clad knoll overlooking a narrow defile in the rugged hills, a detachment of cavalry having gone forward to explore the valley in front. They lounged in careless attitudes in the dark shades of the trees, discussing the adventures of the day, when suddenly a peal of musketry, followed by several dropping shots, rang loudly on the air.

"Another ambuscade! To your arms, boys," exclaimed Fergus, springing to his feet, he being in command of the party.

Scarce had he spoken when a crowd of Carbinierers galloped in hot flight through the rocky pass. Following them came a horse dragging after him the corpse of his unfortunate rider, whose foot was held in the stirrup, and whose blood stained the rocks as the animal dashed along.

Then came riding a handsome young officer, bareheaded, the cross of St. Louis sparkling on the breast of his white uniform. A bullet brought his horse to the ground as he gained the centre of the defile, and a troop of Croatian hussars, wild, picturesque fellows, in yellow braided jackets and large plumes of cock's feathers, came galloping onward to despatch him.

But with a cheer the Irish rushed to the rescue. O'Ronan put a pistol ball through the head of a hussar whose weapon was raised over the fallen man, ran his spontoon through the neck of another, and a volley from his comrades put the others to the rout.

He then assisted the rescued officer to his feet. The latter thanked him politely, inquired his name and regiment, and hastened off to rally the fleeing squadron. He was the Duc de Grammont, whom he had first seen on the morning of his drive to Peronne, and whose error had led to the victory of the Allies in the late battle.

A few days afterwards, the company having returned to camp, he was summoned to the presence of Lally.

"Well, mon ami," said the latter, "I am glad to see you have been distinguishing yourself, and delighted to present you with this token of esteem on the part of Marshal Noailles."

He presented him with an official looking document as he spoke.

With a hard-beating heart the recipient examined it; it was his brevet as lieutenant in the Regiment de Dillon.

A few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, Marshal Noailles, fearing to be hemmed in between the forces of the Allies at Hanau and those of the Prince of Lorraine advancing from the southward, struck his camp at Offenbach, blew up his powder magazines, and retreated across the Rhine into Alsace. He was chiefly directed and influenced in these movements by his "aide-de-camp major," the indefatigable Lally, who had been the savior of the French army at Dettingen, where (in the words of Noailles himself) the gallant Franco-Irishman "rallied the army several times in its disorder, and saved it in its retreat, through the advice which he laid before the council of war after the action."

Lorraine followed with his army in pursuit, but was repulsed by Marshal Coigny and compelled to retire to Brisgau. And now a strong anti-French league was formed at Worms by Austria, England, and Sardinia, while France and Spain entered for mutual defense into what was termed "the Family Alliance."

Not long after the Regiment de Dillon had re-entered French territory the command of the corps was charged. Count Henry Dillon's elder brother, Viscount Charles—he who had entertained Lally and our hero at Loughglynn, and furnished the latter with his letter of recommendation—having died about a year and a half previously in London, the count had succeeded to the title and estates. These latter would be forfeited and confiscated if his lordship continued to fight against England, so, by the advice of King Louis himself, he resigned the command of the regiment in order to proceed to Ireland to assume possession of his inheritance.

Fergus O'Ronan, brilliant in his new lieutenant's uniform, was present at the farewell banquet given by the officers of the Brigade to the departing colonel, who next morning addressed the regiment in a kindly, soldierly, valedictory speech, and a ringing Irish cheer shook the air as he rode for the last time from the parade-ground.

Going to London, the new Lord Dillon married Lady Charlotte Lee, eldest daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and relinquished the habits of a fighting colonel for those of an Irish peer. (His son and successor, Charles, became a Protestant at the close of the last century, and from him is descended the present Viscount Dillon—we cannot say of Roscommon, he being a born and confirmed absentee.)

The command of the regiment devolved on the count's younger brother, the Chevalier Jacques de Dillon, or James Dillon, Knight of Malta, a brave and distinguished officer, who now resigned his half-pike of captain to don the martial decorations and mount the charger of colonel.

The French had taken up their position in the fortified lines of Lauterburg; in August the Allies crossed the Rhine near Mentz to encounter them; but autumn put an end to the campaign, and the Irish regiments were ordered to march into Artois, to take up winter quarters in various towns along the coast of the British Channel.

Many of the officers exchanged nods and smiles of intelligence on receipt of this ominous order.

"Ten to one, friends," said Glascock, who was an ardent Jacobite, "that spring shall see us on English soil, under the flag of Prince Charlie!"

The return march was a merry and pleasant one. The fertile country looked its best beneath the mellow, benignant smile of autumn, and the men stepped blithely onward to the music of "the White Cockade," "Patrick's Day," and many another Irish air that had a place in the repertory of their drums and fifes; onward by roads avenued and shaded by noble trees clad in the season's hues of brown, red, and gold, past vineyards bending beneath their purple harvest, and yellow waving seas of corn where the sickles of the singing reapers were flashing in the sun.

Fergus' heart beat faster and faster as they approached the neighborhood of Peronne, and great was his thrill of joy as he at length caught sight of the stately dome of the chateau, with its high-pitched roofs, and its numerous turrets and gablets.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Do'n t-Sobhrach Luath.

A bhlaith bhig bhuidhe is caoimhe clódh
Ag fás san goloidhe go séimh,
Fearaim ó m chroidhe an fáilte rómhat
Do chuirir féin roimh gréin!

Nach sámh atáoi, gan sgrios, gan bhrón,
Gidh nimhneach fós an ghaoth!
Acht ié bárr grian do'n t-sambradh sógh' mhail
Nfor chuirir suim 'nnad fein.

Is breágh 's is caoin, gan chéim, do shnódh,
'S is naomhtha choidhche an cré
Thug neart a's bigh, san mbhadhain go h-ór,
Do'n cheud-sgóth mhilsigheas aer.

A fháidh fhéil fhir a bheireas scéol
Gur seárr dúinn sógh 'gus séimh,
Och, liom is sgrios go mbéidhir ag dreoghadh
Tráth thiocfaidh uair an t-séin!

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

DOWN WITH MICKEY REIDY'S BAND!

[*Munster Express, July 30.*]

At the Waterford City police court on Wednesday, before John Ryan, Esq., Michael Reidy summoned Ellen Walsh for having caused him annoyance and insulted him at Ballybricken. Mr. Thornton appeared for the complainant, and said his client had of late been subjected to great annoyance, and he came into court to seek the protection of the law.

Michael Reidy deposed—I was passing through Ballybricken Monday when two women began shouting, "Down with Mickey Reidy, the Carty" (laughter); "To h—l with Mickey Reidy and his band!" (great laughter.)

Mr. Thornton—Was the defendant one of the women who shouted at you??

Complainant (gazing intently at defendant)—No, that is not one of them.

Mr. Ryan—Then why did you bring this respectable young woman here? Was she there at all?

Complainant—I think not; I don't remember seeing her there.

Mr. Ryan (to defendant)—The case against you is dismissed. Mr. Reidy had no right to bring you before the court. There is no charge against you. You can go home.

Same vs Mary Byrne for a like offense at same time and place.

Complainant said that defendant was one of the women who attacked him in Ballybricken on the day in question.

Mr. Thornton—How did she attack you?

Complainant—They were on one side as I crossed over to the other, and they shouted: "Down with Mickey Reidy and Mickey Reidy's band" (renewed laughter.)

Mr. Ryan—Will you swear that this was the woman who shouted?

Complainant—I will not swear that she is the woman who shouted, but she was one of the women who were there when they were shouting at me.

Mr. Ryan—On your own showing you have no case against this woman.

Defendant—I don't deny I was on the Hill.

Mr. Ryan—You needn't say anything unless you like. He has proved nothing against you.

Reidy (to the defendant)—Weren't you with the women who were shouting at me?

Defendant—I heard a woman shouting, "Down with Mickey Reidy's band."

Complainant—And didn't she shout, "To h—l with Mickey Reidy—Down with Mickey the Carty?" (great laughter.)

Defendant—I did not hear her. She shouted, "Down with Mickey Reidy and Mickey Reidy's band" (renewed laughter.)

Mr. Ryan—All this is irregular. Mr. Thornton is appearing for you.

Complainant—I want her to tell the truth.

Mr. Ryan—She need not speak unless she likes. You have proved nothing against her. She heard a woman shout, "Down with Mickey Reidy's band." Have you a band? (laughter).

Complainant—She says she heard me called at.

Mr. Ryan—She heard some one call you Mickey Reidy (renewed laughter), and you don't prove that she did it.

Mr. Thornton—Mr. Reidy has brought these women into court to seek its protection so far as to see if he is to be at liberty to walk through the streets of Waterford without being made the object of hostility. It is a very serious thing to say that well-conducted citizens cannot walk the city streets without being shouted at.

Mr. Ryan—If it were proved to my satisfaction that these women insulted Mr. Reidy as he passed through the city I would deal very severely with them—indeed I would probably give them a month each.

Mr. Thornton—That is his object more than anything else, to show the public that your worship's court will not allow him to be shouted at and attacked.

Mr. Ryan—He has failed in these two cases—indeed he had no right to bring these women here at all. (To defendant): You may go home. The case is dismissed.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle

CABINET SPECULATIONS.

It is stated with a considerable show of authority that the coming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is Lord Carrington. The first idea was to appoint Lord Aberdeen, who, during his short stay in Ireland won golden opinions. The Countess of Aberdeen, who takes such an interest—a practical interest—in Irish aims and work was, we believe, most willing to come again to a country which is bound to her by many affectionate ties; but there are other considerations which, it is said, prevent Lord Aberdeen from undertaking the duties at the present critical moment. In fact it is no secret that Lord Aberdeen wishes to be near Mr. Gladstone's person during the trying period his old friend and leader has to pass through in parliament. It is highly probable that a post of considerable importance, yet one involving no strain on Lord Aberdeen's delicate health, will be provided for him in the cabinet. Lord Spencer's name has also been mentioned as a possible Lord Lieutenant; but there are so many obvious reasons in the present condition of affairs in Ireland why Lord Spencer should not return to this country as Lord Lieutenant that he may be put out of the question. Apart from such considerations altogether, we believe it is already decided that Earl Spencer will be Lord President of the Council. We may remark that so far as possible in the appointments of Lord Lieutenant a second term of that office to the same nobleman is usually avoided. It has occurred, however, several times within the past four hundred years. It occurred in the case of Earl Spencer himself, who was first appointed Lord Lieutenant in 68, and again in 82. It also occurred in the case of the late Duke of Abercorn, who was Lord Lieutenant in 66 and again in 74. It occurred fifty years ago, when the Marquis of Wellesley was appointed for the second time, and it occurred in the middle of the last century, when Lord Sackville, from whom Sackville street, now O'Connell street, was named, held the office for a second time. This nobleman was the first Duke of Dorset. It also occurred earlier in the well-known case of the Earl of Ormonde. King Richard was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in person, and a Duke of Clarence 400 years ago was appointed Lord Lieutenant for life. The Earl of Kildare also held the office for a second time Earl Temple 100 years ago was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Marquis of Anglesea in the earlier part on of the century was also twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Earl of Eglington, whose statue stands on the north side of Stephen's Green, was twice Lord Lieutenant, and so was Lord Carlisle, whose statue by Foley is erected in the People's Park. Lord Carrington is a very wealthy nobleman. He was a well known member of the house of commons, where he acted as one of the government whips. He is at present Governor of New South Wales and his Home Rule opinions are of a pronounced character. He is about 50 years of age, and his wife is the eldest daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield. He is joint hereditary Lord Grand Chamberlain of England and Captain of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen's Arms. It is quite likely that he will be the new Lord Lieutenant in the event of Mr. Gladstone attaining to office.—*United Ireland.*

Checked—the progress of Consumption. It's *cured*, too, if it's taken in time. What is needed is the one unfailing remedy for Scrofula in all its forms—for one of those forms (Lung-scrofula) is Consumption.

Purify your blood—that's the first thing. Rid it of the taints and poisons that make it easy for this dreaded disease to fasten its hold. Then if you haven't delayed too long, you can be cured.

From beginning to end, the remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder known to medical science. Consumption, and every form of Scrofula and blood-taint, all yield to it. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it's an unequaled remedy—and the *only* one for the Blood and Lungs that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

I CURE FITS!

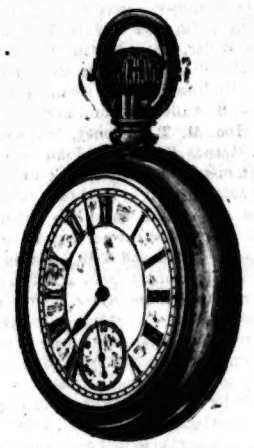
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $33.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is leveled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 20 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

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ARE USING THE TORCH.

Riotous Acts of the Striking Buffalo Switchmen.

MANY FIRES STARTED IN THE YARDS.

Trains Derailed and the Lives of Innocent Passengers Placed in Great Peril—Lights from the Signal Targets Stolen by the Strikers and Switches Misplaced—Four Men Assaulted and Badly Hurt—Call for Police Protection.

BUFFALO, Aug. 15.—Riot and incendiarism mark the strike of the Erie and Lehigh Valley switchmen. Whether it would have proved so very serious to the railroads to have 150 or 200 men to leave their posts of duty without warning is not now the question Property belonging to the railroad company is being destroyed by incendiary fires; men engaged in the peaceful performance of their duties in the companies' service have been assaulted; the movement of trains has been seriously interfered with, and the lives of innocent persons who were in no way connected with the strike' and had not even heard of it have been endangered by the derailment of a passenger train on one of the roads. There was more or less trouble Saturday between the strikers and their sympathizers and the men who were doing the strikers' work, and a few desultory assaults occurred. Thinks began to put on a more serious aspect at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, when a series of incendiary fires broke out simultaneously in the Lehigh Valley yards Eighteen or twenty freight cars filled with wool, cotton, hay and various other merchandise, two passenger coaches and two watchmen's houses were burned.

Half a Dozen Fires Started.

The fires occured at places where the firemen could not successfully stay the flames, on account of an absence of water and the difficulty of access to the fires. The water tank adjacent to the coal trestles was smashed and an engine that was taking water there was wrecked by a string of ten runaway coal cars that had been turned loose from the trestle. Fire was first discovered in the east-bound yards, east of Dingens street. Here a little office building and two or three freight cars were destroyed. At this time Yardmaster Mead discovered flames in two passenger coaches used for the conveyance of workmen, and turned in an alarm from William and Dingens streets. In the yards east of Dingens street the fire raged among the cars of merchandise. It took the hose from three carts to reach the flames from the nearest hydrant. The firemen, however, prevented the destruction of a great number of cars and the loss is perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property. The cars destroyed were in the midst of a great number of other cars. The firemen uncoupled a number of cars and removed them from danger.

Four Men in the Hospital.

A dozen cars were thrown from the Lehigh tracks and a similar number from the Erie by misplaced switches. The first intimation of anything wrong was when the coal cars were set loose and demolished the water tank. Then the fires broke out simultaneously. Captain Wurts of the Eleventh precinct put a force of a dozen officers in the yard as soon as the alarm was given. The officers were unable to find any suspicious characters. Four men are in hospitals as the result of Sunday's rioting. One was assaulted early Sunday morning, two others at 11 o'clock, and another at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The man who was assaulted at the Western New York and Pennsylvania crossing was on his way for the wrecker at the time, and was turning a switch. The strikers had turned switches and thrown six cars from his train before that. He was struck on the head and when he was taken to the hospital was completely dazed and did not know what had occurred. One of the men was assaulted at the passenger station and two at William street.

Tried to Wreck a Passenger Train.

One of the most cowardly things done was the throwing of switches under passenger train No. 17 at William street Sunday night. Two passenger coaches were thrown from the track, but the conductor does not think anybody was hurt, though many were badly frightened. Fifty men boarded passenger train No. 3 at 11 o'clock Sunday morning and molested the employes, driving them off. The crew finally succeed in getting the train to the station. The mob took possession of the Seneca street switches three or four times during the day and drove off the signal men. Two trains of freight cars standing on sidings in Cheekoowaga, the railroad suburb of Buffalo, were burned Sunday night. The Lehigh Valley has called on the sheriff for protection. He sent six deputies to the scene and will swear in fifty more. The police have yards in seven out of the eleven precincts in the city to guard and all the reserves are called out. The man arrested Sunday for assault has been charged with rioting.

Threatened to Kill the Crew.

An Erie train consisting of forty-two cars lying on the main tracks was set on fire at midnight and up to 1 o'clock Monday morning there were fifteen or twenty cars burned, with a likelihood that the entire train would be consumed. It is estimated that the loss will be $30,000. At 1 o'clock a message from the operator at William Street station said that the fire had broken out at three different places in the yards and indications were that serious damage would be done as the fire was burning fiercely. Nothing could be done by the engines attached to the trains as the crews were driven from their engines and threats were made if the men attempted to move them. The fire department was unable to do anything on account of the absence of hydrants in the neighborhood. The Erie had two stock trains already to leave for the east at 6 o'clock, but they were not moved as the strikers threatened to kill the crew if they left the yards. An official call was made upon the city and county Sunday afternoon by the Lehigh Valley for protection and Sunday night the Erie followed suit.

Target Lights Stolen.

At 2 o'clock Monday morning a train of coal cars on the Lehigh Valley caught fire at each end and burned fiercely. Here and there at intervals of a few minutes fires broke out all along the line and as many as a dozen different blazes were seen at one time and the sky was lurid with the reflection of the flames. At about this time all the switch lights on the Erie between Smith street and the Western New York and Pennsylvania target were stolen and the switches could not be seen in the darkness. A wrecking train left the city at 2 o'clock to bring in the passengers from Erie train No. 1 on the other side of the fire and Lehigh train No. 25 from Philadelphia. The trains were both late as they approached the city and were thrown from the rails by the turned switches. At 2:45 a. m the Erie passengers were brought into the city tired and disgusted. They were not molested by the strikers, but the ladies and children were considerably frightened by the rioting and the bonfires of the freight cars.

More Fires Started.

The striking switchmen renewed their lawless work Monday morning and the burning of freight cars continues. There are fifty freight cars now ablaze between Lancaster and Cheektowaga and nothing can be done to save them or stop the progress of the flames in any way. Being outside of the city limits the fire department cannot go there and it rages unfought. It was thought that the engines might remain inside the city and run out long lines of hose for the railroad men to handle, but that was found to be impracticable after water had been turned on a few cars which were near the line. There are probably one thousand five hundred cars between Buffalo and Lancaster and unless something is done to stay the progress of the flames they will be destroyed. So far the absence of high wind has prevented the rapid spread of fires which have been started. Should a heavy wind storm spring up the fires would spread in all directions in the closely packed yards.

Bloodshed Looked For.

When Lehigh freight No. 86 attempted to get out of the yards Monday forenoon it was held by by the strikers. The train had moved slowly as far as Bailey avenue when suddenly a mob of strikers darted out from among the cars on the side tracks and other places of concealment and commanded the engineer and fireman to get down and give the train into their hands. They were compelled to do it. The cars were uncoupled and the train stands helpless. Not a policeman or a deputy sheriff was in sight. The police were telephoned for and a squad of them came after the trouble was over. Blood shed is looked for soon. All day the strikers were pouring down beer and whisky in the saloons around the Lehigh yards and becoming more violent hourly. A telephone message was received late Monday afternoon from Sheriff Beck at Cheektowaga, where the freight cars are burning, calling for more help. It is reported the fires are spreading and that the strikers beyond control of the force now at the sheriff's command.

MORE TROUBLE IN TENNESSEE.

Convicts Taken from the Inman Stockade and Shipped to Nashville.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 15.—An outbreak occurred among the miners at Inman Monday morning at 8 o'clock. Six hundred men surrounded the stockade and commanded the guards to bring out the convicts. About two hundred of them were brought out and put on the cars and shipped to Nashville. Guards have been placed over all of the wires and operators near the scene. The morning train from Nashville brought a number of guards for Tracy City. At Cowan they were turned around and sent back to Nashville. A general outbreak is expected all over the state. Some of the miners declare that the nomination of Peter Turney for governor precipitated the action at Tracy and Inman.

THE TORIES DEFEATED.

Beaten in the British House of Commons by Forty Votes.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The house of commons voted "no confidence" in the Tory ministry by a majority of forty. The vote stood, for the Liberal amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech, 350; against it, 310. The house was a full one, almost without precedent. Of the 670 members of the house of commons 660 were in their places when the division bell rang. Five of the ten absentees were supporters of the government and five of Gladstone, thus leaving the Liberal and Irish majority exactly as if every member had voted. The Parnellites and labor men were solid against the government.

Resignation of the Cabinet.

The cabinet having met at noon Friday and resolved to resign, in accordance with the vote of parliament, Lord Salisbury proceeded to Osborne in the afternoon to lay before her majesty the resignations of himself and his colleagues. It is reported that General Ponsonby, secretary to the queen, is bringing her majesty's command to Gladstone to form a new government, in order to save Gladstone the fatigue of a journey to Osborne.

Nominated for Congress.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Aug. 13.—Hon. John W. Moon, of this city, was Friday nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Ninth district.

FORT WANNE, Ind., Aug. 15.—Carl P. Swaone was Saturday nominated by the People's party for joint representative in Allen and Huntington counties.

BELOIT, Wis., Aug. 15.—H. A. Cooper of Racine was nominated for congress Saturday on the 210th ballot.

Six Knights in a Wreck.

CLINTON, Ia., Aug. 15.—As a special passenger train of nine cars, loaded with Knights Templars returning east from Denver was nearing the city, on the Chicago and Northwestern Saturday noon, one of the sleeping cars was rolled down a twenty-foot embankment, and two others left the track. Strangely enough no one was killed, though fourteen were hurt, one of whom, Ruben Beisel of Hazelton, Pa., is badly injured.

Chemical Works Destroyed.

JOLIET, Ills., Aug. 15.—The Joliet Chemical works were entirely destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock Monday morning. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $33,000. The fire was the result of spontaneous conbustion from dried niter on a cotton sack.

Michael Harkins Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15.—Michael Harkins, the dynamiter who was arrested and imprisoned for trying to kill Queen Victoria on Jubilee day in 1887, died Friday. Dr. Gallagher, who was with him at the time, is still in prison.

Fine Private Residence Burned.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 15.—The elegant residence of John F. Eisenmenger, located at the Indian mounds, was burned Sunday morning. The building was valued at $47,000, and the furniture at $5,000; insurance, $47,000.

Importation of Rags Prohibited.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 16.—The government has issued an order prohibiting the importation into Canada of rags from France, where cholera is said to prevail to an alarming extent.

GUARDED BY SOLDIERS.

The Militia Takes a Hand in the Switchmen's Strike.

IN CONTROL OF THE RAILWAY YARDS

The Sheriff Calls Out the Troops on Rumors That Another Outbreak Was Expected—Strikers Declare They Will Kill Any New Men Put to Work in the Yards—Miners Attack the Stockade at Oliver Springs, Tenn.

BUFFALO, Aug. 16.—It was nearly 3 o'clock Tuesday morning when the regiments of militia reached the scene of riot and disorder in the Erie and Lehigh Valley yards beyond East Buffalo. Then they filed out of the trains and were formed in skirmish lines along the tracks. Here seen, but they kept quiet, awed no doubt and there a body of strikers could be by the appearance of the troops. The early hours of the morning wore away without any disturbance. The track on both sides of the line for half a mile was guarded by soldiers, while the balance of the regiments were holding their camp with stacked rifles ready for any emergency. The situation has a decided serious look. The militia is in control of all the yards of the roads. The strikers have been drinking and are as ugly as any body of men can be. They say that they will not permit any of the men who have been brought here by the Reading to go to work and that if any attempt is made to put them in the yards they will kill them.

The Sheriff's Timely Action.

It is learned that the action of the sheriff in calling out the militia was very timely. Previous to their arrival at the yards half a hundred strikers acted as a picket guard to prevent the entrance of any new men. Rumors were flying that another outbreak was intended for an early hour Tuesday morning when the torch was again to be applied. The strikers moved in and out of the yards with the utmost nonchalance and when called by the police to come back disappeared in the shadows of the freight cars. The situation at 9 o'clock Monday night was extremely critical. Not a train had moved since noon and even the mail train was stalled. By midnight, however, the stalled trains had gotten away, the strikers being cowed to some extent by the news that the troops were on the way to the yards. When the troops arrived the strikers retired. One hundred and forty men were thrown out in picket line and every man had thirty-eight rounds of ball cartridges.

Gompers on the Homestead Strike.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has returned from Homestead. Mr. Gompers says that while at Homestead he made another examination of the Carnegie Iron works from the hill and also from the river and was satisfied that there were not more than six hundred men there, most of whom were simply lounging about. The appeal that the general executive council of the federation has issued confidently asserts that at no time during the struggle were the prospects of victory as bright as they are now. Every worker and liberty-loving citizen is asked to contribute financial support of the strikers.

Miners Repulsed.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 16.—The miners have attacked the stockade at Oliver Springs and were repulsed. Two guards were wounded. A second attack is looked for at any moment.

DEATH AT A GRAVEL PIT.

Six Railway Laborers Killed in a Wreck Near Warsaw, O.

COSHOCTON, O., Aug. 16.—Near Warsaw Monday evening a construction train on the Toledo, Walhonding Valley and Ohio railway, now in process of construction, collided with some empty cars at a gravel pit, killing six men and injuring fifteen. The list of killed is as follows: Frank Galli, an Italian, aged 44 years, head crushed; William Rafferty, aged 50, head crushed; John Barry of Newburg, aged 50, head crushed, Joseph Bycroft of Burlington, Vt., aged 28, throat torn and body crushed; John Halliger, head crushed and disemboweled, aged 50; John Flynn, aged 45, back broken.

Child Appropriates the Cash.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Acting Secretary Adee, of the state department, has received a telegram from Minister Egan at Valparaiso saying that the Chilian senate and chamber of deputies have unanimously passed the appropriation for the payment of claims growing out of the Baltimore incident. Also that the two legislative bodies had approved the treaty for a commission for settlement of claims of American citizens against the Chilian government.

Death the Result of Toothache.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Aug. 16.—Mrs. Elizabeth Edgman, 17 years old, a few days since went to a dentist and had an aching tooth extracted. The tooth was of huge proportions, and while the operation was being performed it gave her much pain. On Saturday last lockjaw set in. Mrs. Edgman suffered excruciating agony until Monday, when she expired. She was a daughter of Captain J. L. Howard, and had been married one month.

The British Cereal Crops.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The Mark Lane Express says that the English wheat crop has improved half a million quarters in six weeks, and the total is expected to be eight and one quarter millions. Nevertheless the wheat crop is below the average, the barley crop is very near the average and of better quality than usual; oats are nearly ten per cent. under the average.

Queen Vic Must Give Security.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—In the supreme court Saturday it was decided that Queen Victoria will have to file surety in the amount of $250 for the costs of the court if she wishes to bring suit against the Standard Asphalt company to recover $9,000, the value of a cargo of asphalt alleged to have been stolen from the queen's domains at Trinidad.

Whisky Got Him Under Foot.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Charles Wesley Feltner, 34 years old, of 405 West Twenty-third street, employed as a collector for a Maiden lane jewelry firm, has been carried to Bellevue hospital a maniac. Excessive drinking, it is said, has reduced him from wealth almost to poverty, and at length turned his brain.

SENSATIONAL MYSTERY.

Impossible as Yet to Find a Trace of Miss Lizzie Struber.

MOUNT VERNON, Ill., Aug. 16.—Citizens of the northeast part of the county are now trying to solve one of the deepest and most sensational mysteries that have ever bothered the people in this part of the state. Last Thursday afternoon Miss Lizzie Struber left her home in the southern part of Marion county in a road-cart to go to her sister's house in the extreme northern portion of this (Jefferson) county. When within about a quarter of a mile of her destination and in a wild and desolate part of the country three pistol shots were heard, together with the scriam of a woman. In a short time her horse and cart stopped in front of the house of Samuel Greenwath, her brother-in-law.

Bullet Holes in the Jacket.

When the cart was seen without the girl search was instituted and her jacket, bonnet and some hair were found in the road in front of an old vacant house. The jacket had the appearance of having been torn off and there were also three bullet holes in it. A searching party was at once organized and the country around was scoured for some trace of the supposed assassin. Suspicion at first pointed to a young man by the name of McAdams, who had been paying attention to Miss Struber, but he is able to prove an alibi. Some of her friends and relatives do not think that she has been murdered, but has left for parts unknown. Residents of Farrington, about four miles this side of where the tragedy was supposed to have occurred, say that shortly after dark the same night a carriage was seen to pass through that vicinity coming toward this city.

Wild and Desolate Spot.

It was surmised that the girl may have been in the carriage and that she was brought to this city, where she now is, or may have taken the early train for St. Louis. As it is, no definite trace has been obtained. A dispatch was sent to the St. Louis papers to the effect that the body had been found, but this was found to be untrue, as her brother was in this city Monday and says that nothing has been found out in regard to her. It is one of the deepest mysteries that the officers of this county have ever had to cope with. The place where the crime is supposed to have been committed is a very wild and desolate spot and facts in regard to the tragedy are very hard to obtain. The girl was formerly employed in this city as a domestic and always bore a good reputation. Her parents are highly respectable people.

WINDFALL FOR A WAITER.

He Receives $10,000 for Saving a Young Lady's Life.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—It is reported at the Phillips pavilion, Rockaway Beach, that Chris Althouse, a former waiter, has received a check for $10,000 from Miss Phoebe Callan, a young Philadelphia belle, for saving her from drowning recently. The story is that Miss Callan, who is an expert swimmer, often ventured out beyond her depth. She did this once too often, it appears, for she was seized with cramps and would probably have perished had it not been for Althouse, who happened to be in bathing at the time, and swam to her assistance.

Check for $10,000.

He had a hard time, but succeeded in bringing the young woman, who was in an exhausted condition, ashore. When she was revived she told Althouse she would remember him and send him a reward for his bravery. Monday night a letter was handed to Althouse. He opened it and was agreeably surprised to find that it contained a check for $10,000 with a short note thanking him for saving the life of the writer, Miss Callan. The Miss Callan mentioned is said to be wealthy in her own right, her father having died a few years ago and left her a large fortune.

Boasted of His Wickedness.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Aug. 16.—Dick Dunnaway of Williamsburg, this county, is in jail, the self-confessed slayer of Orin L. Corley of the same neighborhood. The tragedy occurred a little after noon Monday. Dunnaway emptied his revolver into his victim's body, three balls taking effect and killing him insantly. It is charged that Corley was a neighborhood tough and made public boasts that he ruined no less than four young girls in the neighborhood, one a sister and another a niece of Dunnaway. Dunnaway came to town, told what he had done, and gave himself up, and is now in jail awaiting trial at the October term of the circuit court.

Tragedy at a Summer Resort.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—Tower Hill, Wis., a picturesque summer resort favored by Chicagoans, was cast into mourning Sunday afternoon by a double tragedy, the drowning of two popular and handsome young people of this city. Miss Edith Lackersteen, daughter of Dr. Mark H. Lackersteen of 5038 Washington avenue, and George Wittig of 3224 Lake Park avenue, were drowned. Miss Gertrude, daughter of Calvin S. Longnecker, president of the company of that name, had a narrow escape from death in the waters. Mr. Wittig lost his life while attempting to save that of Miss Lackersteen.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Aug. 16.—Charles S. Spencer, president of the First National bank of Grinnell, Ia., was almost instantly killed in this city Monday night. He was standing on the platform at the Union depot when a passing train struck a baggage truck that had been left on the track and threw it into the crowd. Mr. Spencer was struck by it. Five ribs were broken and his head hurt. He lived fifteen minutes. He was about 70 years old and was quite wealthy.

Appropriated Other People's Money.

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—Later investigations bring to light certain facts that seem to warrant the assertion that James E. Gilman, the missing member of the bankrupt grain firm of Gilman, Cheney & Co., misappropriated no less than $300,000 of other people's money. Appearances now indicate that Gilman has led a double life, although standing high in business and social circles. It is said that there is a woman in the case.

Opened their Hearts and Pockets.

OLD ORCHARD, Me., Aug. 16.—The largest collection ever taken at a camp meeting was contributed Sunday by those in attendance at the Christian Alliance meeting at the Old Orchard camp grounds. The meeting was under the charge of Rev. Dr. Simpson, of New York. The total amount of pledges and receipts from general collection was $51,500, all of which will be used for foreign missions.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

Richard Buckley, of Baraboo, Wis., has been killed by a train near Custer station, Mont.

An unknown tramp made an unsuccessful attempt to assault the 9-year-old daughter of Joseph Rosenbick, a farmer living near St. Joseph, Mich.

Parnellites are suspected of an attempt made in Ireland to blow up with gunpowder a hotel belonging to an anti-Parnellite. Several guests were injured.

Mrs. A. F. Smith, wife of the Prohibition orator and member of the state central committee, was seriously hurt at Decatur, Ill., by being thrown from a carriage.

Dora Titus, aged 16, of Galesburg, Ill., jumped into Lake George, but was rescued. It is said her parents disowned her three weeks ago because they could not control her.

President Dias of Mexico has determined to reduce by one-fourth the terms of imprisonment of all criminals in Mexican prisons in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

P. McLean was almost roasted to death at Carthage, Ill. He was pinned under a thrashing machine that fell through a bridge there.

Reports from farmers in South Dakota show the yield of wheat to be about thirty bushels to the acre. An average crop of corn is being harvested.

While attempting to place wreaths on a bust of Columbus in Rome a bloody fight took place between Clericals and Liberals. Guards quelled the disturbance.

The police of Paris have discovered an anarchist placard calling upon anarchists to kill the juries and judges who have respectively convicted and condemned members of anarchist societies.

Mexico has established depots from which food is supplied to the thousands of starving peasants in the famine-stricken districts. Large consignments of American corn are being received.

Forest fires are sweeping California in the vicinity of Sacramento.

In New York during the heated week from July 23 to 30 the deaths numbered 1,615.

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During a parade of Alliance men at Greenville, Ala., trouble arose over cheers for rival leaders and a negro was shot. Great excitement prevails and further trouble is expected.

Officers of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance are authority for the statement that the Alliance has agreed to furnish the locked out men at Homestead with flour enough to tide them over their trouble with the Carnegie company.

A dispatch to the Vienna New Free Press from Lemberg says that along the railway between Kursk, Charkoff, and Azoff a great number of physicians have abandoned their patients and fled on account of the prevalence of cholera.

George Greenfield, a merchant tailor, and an old resident of Sandwich, Ill., while crossing the main street of that city, was run down and instantly killed by a special Templar train.

There was a cloud-burst on the narrow gauge railroad eight miles west of Bradford, Ind., which swept away several trestles. The road is so badly damaged that it will be several days before trains will be run through.

Thomas F. Ross, a well-known business man of Norwich, O., is locked up at Zanesville on the charge of assaulting a 14-year-old girl a year ago.

Miss Rust was drowned in the Sioux river at Sioux City. Patrick Collins, a boy, was also drowned in the Missouri river at Sioux City.

Ex-District Attorney Stevens of Denver, says he does not expect a new trial in the Graves case and thinks the final act will take place in December.

Nine of the largest rubber boot and shoe manufacturers in the country recently organized into a trust, have decided that the combination shall go into effect Nov. 1.

By the collision of a B. and O. engine and a beef train on the Bellaire, O., bridge Brakeman John Lovejoy was fatally injured and Brakeman Feeney was internally hurt.

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August Knoblock, an old man, was drowned at the mouth of the Fox river at Oshkosh, Wis.

Republicans of the Twentieth Ohio district have nominated the Hon. W. J. White for congress.

Henry Sherling was assassinated in Washington parish, La., supposedly by a confederate of the noted train robber, Eugene Bunch, as it had been reported that he was laying plans for trapping him.

Belle Acton trotted half a mile at Beatrice, Neb., in 1:11¼, breaking the yearling record.

Railroad telegraphers will hold an important convention in Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 16, 17 and 18.

At their home near Bloomington, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. John Foster, aged respectively 86 and 80 years, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

Colorado Democrats are jubilant over the first appearance of The Evening Post a Democratic daily launched in Denver. It is the only Democratic daily in the state. George B. Herbert, late of the Philadelphia Herald, is editor.

Schaefer has challenged Ives at Paris to a three-night balk line billiard match, 800 points up nightly, for $500 a side.

Two engines and six freight cars were wrecked at Fonti, Ills., on the Illinois Central road. One train ran into the other. Conductor Nelm and a brakeman were hurt.

Eight persons, all negroes, were drowned by the swamping of a ferry sloop between Sullivan's Island and the mainland at Charleston, S. C. They were hucksters on their way to the island.

Ex-Chief of Police W. S. Howell of Creston, Ia., has disappeared and there is a suspicion that he has met with foul play.

Lamplighter was the victor in the Champion stakes, one mile and a half, at Monmouth park. His time, 2:32¾, lowers the record for that distance, held by Firenzi, a quarter of a second.

Democrats of the Sixth Minnesota district have nominated U. R. Baldwin of Duluth for congress.

Don Alonzo won the Junior Champion stakes at Monmouth park in 1:12¾, three-quarters of a second faster than the best time previously made in that event, which is at 6 furlongs.

The flour mill owned by John P. Dorsman burned at Depere, Wis. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $1,000.

Secretary Noble and party have arrived at Ashland, Wis., for a few days' outing. They will spend several days at Camp Ceder fishing.

The salmon pack in Washington and Alaska will be light this season. On the Columbia the supply is short. The Fraser river fisheries in British Columbia have been injured by smallpox among the Indians. And the Alaska pack will be limited by agreement.

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At Scharnitz, a village in a mountain pass in the Tyrol, ten miles north of Innspruck, a landslip caused the death of five persons, who were overwhelmed beneath a mass of rock and earth.

Adlai Wriburn, George Briggs and S. F. Wriburn, of Rockford, Ill., have leased a strip of land near the sanitarium on Rock river to convert it into a summer resort.

As the result of a quarrel over a game of cards Isaac slaughter was stabbed to death near Buckhannon, W. Va., by his brother Thomas.

Bob Jordon, a negro prisoner being brought to Camden, Ark., for insulting a white woman, was taken from the officers by a party of masked men and shot to death.

The supreme court has refused to interfere in the case of Frederick Falkner, under death sentence for murder, and he will hang Aug. 19 at Santa Fe, N. M.

The Carriage and Wagonmakers' International union, in convention at Columbus, O., has decided that any person in the union who becomes intoxicated shall be summarily discharged.

Collis P. Huntington has confirmed the report that he will furnish heavy financial backing for an interoceanic railway in Honduras, which will provide a short route across the Isthmus of Panama.

Mrs. Lizzie Burdell of Indianapolis, committed suicide by taking poison. Her husband had charged her with conduct unbecoming a wife and she felt the disgrace so keenly that she took her life.

Paul Lowenburg, an Antwerp, Belgium, grain merchant, says Belgium will get most of her grain from America this year.

Cincinnati police stopped the selling of pools at the race meeting of the Queen City Driving club at Norwood park.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Louise Beecher, daughter of Eugene F. Beecher, and grand niece of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the late Henry Ward Beecher, to W. E. Chancellor, a teacher in the Pratt institute, Brooklyn.

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Charles Helbeal, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Milwaukee, fell into a well at Waukesha and was drowned.

The late strike in the building trades in New York kept about $900,000 in wages out of the pockets of 15,000 men.

Senator Quay has bought a 130 acre farm in Chester county, Pa., in which neighborhood his ancestors abode many years.

It is reported that Mr. Deacon, who killed M. Abeille, was offered his liberty at once if he would leave France and not bring his divorce suit to trial, but preferred to remain in prison.

John H. Lewis of Rockford, Ills., has purchased a controlling interest in the DeKalb, Ills., National bank and will become president of that institution.

Candymakers of Loiusville, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago met in the former city to fix upon a standard price list.

It is stated that Professor John Duffee has been selected to referee the three big prize fights to be contested in New Orleans next month.

South Dakota's prospective wheat yield as given out by competent experts will be from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels, the largest of any state in the Union.

Five men were killed and two others injured by the fall of a stone wall in Hartford City, Ind.

Jefferson Iron works at Steubenville, O., refused to treat with the Amalgamated association Thursday and as a result the men left in a body. A long lockout is expected.

The east end of L. R. Hargrave's elevator at Petersburg, Ind., which contained about 20,000 bushels of wheat, collapsed. Loss, $5,000.

J. A. Martin, foreman of the bridge workmen at Atlantic, Ia., was killed by a heavy lever falling on him and crushing his skull.

The union soldiers of Wabash county, Ind., will have a reunion at Wabash Sept. 14.

Several cases of malignant diphtheria at Elgin, Ill., have led the authorities to take precautions against an epidemic.

Housert J. Keier, aged 65, well known as a local politician at Hillboro, Ill., fell into a well and was drowned.

* * *

Honduras' latest revolution is reported to have been crushed and hundreds of rebels killed.

The board of trustees of the North Wisconsin academy, at Ashland, has issued an announcement that the academy will be open for the reception of students Sept. 20.

C. W. Sanders, a dealer in agricultural implements at Montezumah, Ill., died from injuries received by being thrown from a buggy.

Alvin won the $10,000 stallion free-for-all race at Grand Rapids, Mich. Harry Noble, 2:17¾, and valued at $30,000, who had been entered, died during the night previous of heart failure.

Mrs. Paisley.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with **Eczema and Scrofula Sores**, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

CONSUM[illegible]

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will [illegible] Express and P. O. address

T. A. S[illegible] Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Natural Gas."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Jubilee Partner."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"A Trip to the Circus."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOTICE

Owing to the elaborate report given of the proceedings at the great Irish National Demonstration at Ogden Grove, on Aug. , we are reluctantly compelled to leave out much editorial matter and local news that will make amends next week.

PREMIER GLADSTONE'S GOVERNMENT.

Well, Mr. Gladstone is now, for the fourth time, prime minister of the British empire, and we will speedily be enabled to see what he and his advisers are going to offer Ireland in the shape of a Home Rule bill. Mr. Gladstone holds his place by virtue of Irish votes, and he is, therefore, in a peculiar sense, responsible to Ireland for his policy. There can be no doubt that the aged and unprecedented British statesman has set his life upon the hazard of a die in this business. He has read more Irish history in the last ten years of his life than in all his previous long career, and his comprehensive and expansive intellect has clearly imbibed the truth so repugnant to average Englishmen, that England is utterly unfit, by reason of greed, selfishness and ignorance, to govern Ireland from an Irish standpoint. He is also convinced that, no matter how numerically weak Ireland may become, she will always, while the present system lasts, be a thorn in the side of the British empire. Her millions of sons and daughters abroad regard her with unchangeable filial devotion, and their hatred of England will know no rest, no interval until full justice is done to their motherland. The Irish abroad, and particularly in all the English speaking countries, are a most potent factor in the settlement of the Irish question, and nobody appreciates this fact more than Mr. Gladstone. If he acts up to his knowledge, as we believe he will, all will be well. If not—well the future alone can tell what will be the outcome, but one thing is certain—the Irish race will never give up the fight on England until she restores to Ireland the right to rule herself. Following is the composition of Mr. Gladstone's ministry:

Members of the cabinet—

Mr. Gladstone, lord privy seal and first lord of the treasury.

Baron Herschell, lord chancellor of England.

Earl Rosebery, foreign secretary.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer.

Herbert H. Asquith, home secretary.

Henry H. Fowler, president of the local government board.

H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of state for war.

Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty.

John Morley, chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

A. J. Mundella, president of the board of trade.

The Earl of Kimberly, secretary of state for India and vice-president of the council.

The Marquis of Ripon, secretary of state for the colonies.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, secretary of state for Scotland.

The ministers who are not in the cabinet are:

Arnold Morley, postmaster general.

Arthur Herbert Dyke Acland, vice-president of the council of education.

Baron Houghton, viceroy of Ireland.

Sir Charles Russell, attorney-general for England.

John Rigby, solicitor-general for England.

Samuel Walker, lord chancellor for Ireland.

The MacDermott, attorney-general for Ireland.

Edward P. C. Majorbanks, patronage secretary to the treasury.

Alexander Asher, solicitor-general for Scotland.

J. B. Balfour, lord advocate of Scotland.

THE CITIZEN does not think that, excepting Gladstone himself, Morley, and perhaps Harcourt, the ministry is a particularly strong one. "The" McDermott, "Prince of Coolavin,", attorney general for Ireland, is a Whig lawyer of some ability. He is distinguished as the only Irish king that ever sat down to a table, in the governmental sense, with a mere common Saxons like Houghton, the new lord lieutenant. In fact Gladstone and Morley are *the* government, and they will be held responsible for future events. As for the rest, like Great Cæsar's clay, they're mostly good for stuffing holes to keep the wind away.

THE ENGLISH TORY ANANIAS.

A cablegram from London, dated Aug. 17, says:

"The resolutions adopted at the meeting of Irish societies held at Ogden Grove, near Chicago, Monday last are being used by the Unionists to embarrass the Liberals. The *Times* regards the meeting at Ogden Grove as proof that dynamiting is still alive. It concludes: 'Among the convicts now in jail are men who were dispatched to Great Britain by O'Donovan Rossa himself since his release. Are they to be sent back to enlist fresh recruits, who will be hailed as heroes in America?"

There were no resolutions adopted, or speeches delivered, at Ogden Grove, that would, in the slightest degree, warrant the despatch quoted. The official record will be found in this issue of THE CITIZEN. But Tory malice will stop at nothing in the direction of retarding Ireland's prospects. Will the *Times*, or any of its spies in this country, point out a single word in the Ogden Grove resolutions or speeches, capable of being tortured into a "dynamiting" policy? Any dynamiting that ever was done in England was due to the scoundrelly blackguardism of the *Times* and its kindred malignants. "Dynamiting," when it existed, was the outcome of felonious government. The way to squelch it effectively is give Ireland leave to govern herself.

THE ENGLISH WANT THE EARTH.

The land-grabbing instincts of John Bull seem part and parcel of his very nature. They crop up in most unexpected ways and places, and seem to be becoming stronger and stronger every day. It is not alone English statesmen and politicians that are afflicted with the land-grabbing mania; the whole English nation has it on the brain, and never will get rid of it until some great power like Russia or France, or some combination of powers, thrashes it out of England.

There is hardly an article in English magazines describing foreign countries or peoples, no matter by whom written, in which the land grabbing instincts do not break out. One of the London periodicals has a very interesting article in a recent issue about Russia. It seems to be written, strange to say, in a spirit of fairness, and deprecates, in a very pronounced manner, the untruths and misstatements that so many recent English writers have uttered about Russia. It says that the Russians are not only a great but an amiable people, and goes so far as to justify Russia's harsh policy in portions of her dominions. But this more than unusually fair-minded Englishman lays covetous eyes on what he calls the Garden of the East and the Key of Russia, namely the Caucasus, that wonderfully beautiful country lying between the Black Sea and the Caspian, which Russia has acquired within the last fifty years, with which, however, we cannot coincide. The Englishman says that if England possessed it, she would be practically mistress of Russia, and would have her in a vice. He advises the English, on the first moment of the war between them and Russia, a war which he says is sure to come soon, to seize the Caucasus and to keep it.

The cupidity of this Englishman has caused him to make an ass of himself. When war comes between Russia and England, the latter country will have but a poor chance of seizing the Caucasus; it joins no country that is friendly with England except Turkey; but if England does not soon clear out of Egypt, Turkey will not long remain her friend. England knows this, and it is therefore probable that Gladstone will withdraw the English troops from Egypt at an early date. But whether he does or does not withdraw them, England, in the event of war between her and Russia, would have about the same chance of seizing the Caucasus that she would have of seizing the moon.

MRS. D. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following contributions to the Fund, received since last issue of THE CITIZEN:

Previously acknowledged	$185 00
James C. Brain, city	10 00
Matthew P. Brady, city	10 00
William Horgan, city	10 00
John Flannery, Pittsburg, Pa., per Irish Fellowship	16 80
James Cahill, city	1 00
James Merrick, city	1 00
John Korwin, city	1 00
James McLaughlin, city	1 00
P. J. Gallagher, city	1 00
Dr. John Sullivan, city	1 00
Thomas Cavanagh, city	1 00
Publisher *Irish Fellowship*	1 00
Bernard McGlade, city	1 00
D. R. Kelly, city	1 00
John Fay, city	50
Ed Moran, city	50
Luke Burns, city	25
J. F. Slattery, city	

The Grip

Leaves its victims very weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired and to expel all poison from the blood.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Ball's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world who use it to restore and keep the hair a natural color.

IRELAND AHOY!

"The Citizen's" Correspondent, After a Delightful Voyage on the Splendid Inman Steamship, City of New York, Reaches the Green Island.

Interesting Sketches of the Voyage—How American Kodak Girls Captured a Sleeping and Snoring Briton.

The last gangway has been swung ashore; the doorways and windows of the Inman dock are masses of eager faces and fluttering handkerchiefs; a great valedictory cheer peals out, prolonged in louder and louder salvos as it rolls along the packed array of gazers, and the big ocean steam ship is moving slowly away from her berth. A few preliminary snorts and tremors, as of a racehorse pawing the turf at the starting point, and the stately "City of New York" is heading rapidly for the open sea—and Europe! America's smile of farewell is cheerful and beaming. There is an enlivening sparkle on the waves of New York harbor, gay with its moving multitude of craft; the roofs and spires of the Empire City tremble in golden haze; from the proud pedestal yonder the Goddess of Liberty seems to wave us a kindly good bye. There is a wirey exhilaration in the air, an all-pervading sense of freedom and vacation and general jubilee. The sea is ours, and the ozone, and the fullness thereof.

So we speed over the sunny water, our relentless cutwater rippling the blue into long white ribbons that undulate along the black sides of the ship, and overlap, and stream away behind us. We outstrip a pleasure boat bound for Coney Island, crowded from stem to stern with happy holiday faces: there is more hearty cheering and waving of adieux and then comes the clear music of a brass band discoursing of "Killarney" and "Auld Lang Syne." It is the last hearty valediction of Columbia. We thread our way seaward by a meandering line of red buoys; the small bark that takes off our pilot fires a parting salute; the long low ridge of Fire Island fades away in the distance, and the big ocean greyhound is fairly on her swift, sure way across the deep.

A splendid vessel this famed "City of New York," one of the twin giants of the enterprising Inman Line. Elegantly and perfectly equipped, an immense floating palace of the nineteenth century, she easily throws in profound shade all naval prodigies of past ages—Corsairs and Venetian galleys, Spanish caravels, and all the rest. She rides the waves with the stately ownership of an Aphrodite, gliding with such easy motion that the *mal du mer* refrains from thrusting its green and gruesome head abroad; at least we see none of the monster. The saloon appointments are superb. The dining-room, where long lines of guests confront each other over excellent *menus*, well served, is a vast palatial apartment, where statuettes of mermen and mermaids stand forth in the softened light that falls through the stained-glass roof. The library, whose panelled walls are encrolled with the names of literary celebrities of both worlds—among whom we unfortunately miss that of Moore—abounds in cosy nooks where the reading penchant hath occasionally to battle hard with Somnus. In the smoking-room, with blue nicotian clouds curling towards the electric lights and a clatter of chips, checkers and chessmen mixed with the lively buzz of conversation, it is hard to imagine that fathoms deep of brine heave beneath us and that terra firma is far, far away. In the second cabin the berths and food differ but little from what one finds in the saloon. The steerage accommodation is clean and comfortable, and the passengers there enjoy the sea air and sea-scape in a spacious gallery that runs almost clear around the ship. The officers, one and all, are attentive and courteous. As for Capt. Arthur W. Lewis, one of the stanchest friends of the seamen's home in New York, he is the model of a modern skipper and polished gentleman.

His stateroom located and baggage stowed away, one loafs around studying the personnel of his fellow voyagers. A motley crowd, at least in point of nationality and pursuit. Here is a group of returning Britons, full of their Cook-conducted experiences under the plaisons of the "blawsted H'eagle" and patriotically wroth at the thesis of that irrepressible Columbian, that Uncle Sam is able to whip the British lion even with Germany and Italy auxiliaries on his flanks; here a knot of Bostonese, gaisty in their hearts and "Fill admirari" on their banners, for theirs is the proud belief that in the forthcoming Old World or anywhere else they can meet no place to equal their own immortal "Hub." The tall, handsome woman that walks the deck with empress stride, her mother on one arm and a tan terrier on the other, is Agnes Huntington, of burlesque fame. The man with swarthy face and prominent nose who stalks yonder is another stage light, Wilson Barrett; his cigar and nautical garb help to disguise the fine histrionic individuality we admired in "Claudian." The old gentleman in the inevitable double-peaked cap, his hatchetty red face surrounded by bushy white whiskers, and badly-fitting check clothes thrown as with a pitchfork on his tall lanky figure, is a real live British peer, Lord Taurlow. A United States consul chats with a restaurant keeper from Chicago, a schoolmarm from New York is comparing notes with a sprightly typewriter from Cincinnati, Bangs of St. Louis is swapping stories with Potter of Texas, and so through the crowd of humanity that is cheerfully thronging fore and aft, port, starboard and amidships, selecting fancy sites for the deck chairs in which they will sit, read and chat, drowse and dream during the voyage.

And lo, some of them are dreaming already. Hear, above the throbbing of the engines and the swish of the waves, the respiratory cadence of that stout gentleman by the saloon door, who, with head well back and mouth open, is probably enjoying pleasant visions of the approaching roast-beef and flowing beer of old England. Also note the cautious and interested advance of those two young ladies with the ominous black case; the American eagle for once shrinks from arousing the sleeping British lion. Alas, they are gemit of the kodak. There is a click, a giggle, a rustle of vanishing skirts, and the photograph of the portly slumberer has been secured to adorn albums in Harlem or Prairie avenue. Age of restless and varied enterprise!

Leaning over the bulwarks we gulp in great mouthfuls and solid chunks of health. The air is ambrosial, expansive, exalting. To one long pent in a great city, in the vortex of the hot struggle for self, it is a sublime revelation of nature to

"Catch from the huge heaps he ving past
And from the spray they drifted,
And from the breeze that shook the crest
Of each broad-shouldering giant
The smack of Freedom and the zest
Of rapturous life defiant."

But one is also liable to catch several other "smacks" of an impressive kind against bulwarks, door jambs and the like, until such time as he gets his sea legs.

As the vast blue circle spreads around all unbroken, the peculiar monotony of the ocean keeps people actively on the alert to discover something or anything to break it—a passing vessel, a stray petrel, a blowing whale, even a little school of flying-fish out on a holiday. At least so the little knot of Chicagoans find it who have clustered away forward. "Let us have a bet; whoever sees the first vessel to draw the pool," suggests Tom Hennessy (brother of Col. Hennessy, of "the trust") "And the other two will "saw off" for the drinks," coincides Ed Kennedy. But after a vain vigil of several hours they agree with P. G. Smyth as to the force of the immortal remark exchanged by the governors of the Carolinas.

Of saloon passengers we have 433 second cabin 182, steerage 469, which with the crew make a total of 1 408 souls on board the good ship "City of New York." The first day we make 455 miles, second 446, third 455—and passengers file along daily in front of the marked chart and jot down the numbers as interestedly as if we were sailing with an American Columbus for the discovery of the Old World.

On Wednesday morning we left New York, and now, on the following Tuesday evening, we catch thrilling sight of the Bull Rock looming over the sea horizon. Almost simultaneously the Munster headlands show spectre like through the mist. Passengers throng forward and telescopes are handed round. Presently, as we draw nearer, the first glimpse of Erin expands into a splendid panorama of rugged grey cliffs, their summits crowned with green which stretches and sinuates inland in rolling hills and valleys, backed by blue mountains athwart which the grand Irish sunset is pouring its yellow gold. Tanlike beams are shooting adown dim defiles, lighting up dark patches of woodland, gliding towering crags, and showing here and there, like specks of snow on the hillsides, the cottages of the peasantry. This is Ireland. There is a Celtic vigor in the air, in the motion of the waves, in the bold outlines and brilliant tints of the scenery yonder. Many an Irish eye has this scene greeted and gladdened. Here was inspired the muse of poor John Locke:

"This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mournin';
I think I'd venture another flight
There's so much joy in returnin';
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin'—
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout,
I bid you the top of the mornin'."

A place of stirring memories this wild coast of Carberry. As we gaze on it a historic naval procession seems to pass in misty panorama—the proud Milesians in their galleys "from the sunny land of Spain": the grim warships flying the Raven flag, with the shields of the Danish vikings glittering along each gunwale; the fighting barks of the O'Driscolls and O'Sullivans; the Spanish caravels, fiery Don Juan D'Aquila in the leading prow, wondering in his rough soldier profanity "if Christ ever died for such a people" as the disunited Irish; Red Hugh O'Donnell's ship bearing that gallant heart away in bitterness to an exile's grave; the Algerian galleys stealing to the sack of Baltimore; and lastly the French fleet under full sail—Wolfe Tone on board the Indomptable—bearing towards Bantry Bay. The procession passes slowly away into the shadowy past, to be succeeded by a grim reality—the English man-of-war that lies yonder, her netting extended all around as a protection against possible torpedoes.

Night falls over sea and land, lights twinkle along the headlands, we plunge onward as if running into the land, like the poor "City of Chicago" that lies fathoms deep over there at Kinsale Head. At the entrance to Cork Harbor a tender comes alongside; we see the black uniform of the Irish constabulary and hear the voice of a Cork newsvender running up and down the scale of his melodious accent. The connection is completed.

Soon afterwards the huge bulk of our late floating home is getting smaller behind us, and the lights of the Cove of Cork are lining up ahead. Reeching the wharf we stream into a large shed and submit our belongings to the inspection of customs officials. "Lower your hand, sir," discreetly whispers one of them to Tom Hennessy, who has a fixed belief in the efficacy of "tips." A policeman, notebook in hand, inquires our names and whither we are bound, and then we sally forth into the streets of Queenstown. A few small boys are trotting ahead of us with our valises.

We are in Ireland.

CROAGH PATRICK

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER X

On Sept. 16, 1845, Thomas Davis died, and the cause of Ireland's independence lost its very heart and soul. He it was, and the lofty and generous impulse which his character and writings gave the movement, that won to its side such men as William Smith O'Brien, and others of his high order of intellect, accomplishments and honest purpose, and this was what redeemed the Repeal Association from brawling vulgarity and insanity. But for him, O'Connell's agitation would have been all along, as it began (and as, indeed, it ended), a Catholic concern only. Educated and high-spirited Catholics themselves would have held aloof from it, and the most prominent persons, next to the "Liberator," would have been Mr. Arkins, Liberator's tailor, and a few Connacht members of parliament who held their seats by virtue of the fiat of Catholic clergymen.

It is very safe to say that to the personal influence of Davis, to the grandeur of his aims, to his noble tolerance, to his impassioned zeal, and the loving trust which all generous natures were constrained to place in him, the association was indebted, not for O'Brien only, but for Dillon, MacNevin, Meagher, O'Gorman, Martin and Reilly, and to the same influence they were indebted for their fate, pining captivity, long exile, death in mad-houses, or foreign graves. Yes, to them and hundreds more, he was indeed a Fate; and there is not one among them, still alive, but blesses the memory of the friend who first filled their souls with the passion of a great ambition and a lofty purpose. In the estimation of the British he was, of course, a Nena Sahib.

One may well perceive that this was no common being. Yet I cannot refer for proof of it to any masterpiece of literary or rhetorical effort. He was not a speaker at all, and "literature," for the mere sake of literature, he almost despised. He never wrote anything but for some immediate or remote effect which he sought to produce; every sentence was a lever or a wedge. His writing was the writing of a journalist, and was always done in a hurry. "As for writing," says his friend Wallis, "there is enough to make men love him, and guess at him—and what more can the best of readers do with the supremest writer, though he lived to the age of Sophocles or Goethe? The true loss is of the oak's timber, not of its own acorns or of the flowers at its base. The loss of its immediate influence on the events of his time, and on the souls of his contemporaries, by guidance and example, that is the true bereavement, one which possibly many generations to come will be suffering from and expiating, consciously or unconsciously.

Davis is not an Irish name, but Welsh, and in fact his father was a Welsh gentleman who had settled in Cork county where, at Mallow, on the banks o' the Blackwater, Thomas Davis was born. He always boasted that he was of the Celtic race of the Cymry; he would rather have been a Cherokee than English; his *nom de plume* was ever "The Celt," and his best loved study from boyhood had been the language and literature, the traditions and antiquities, of the two branches of the great Western European family, the Gael and the Cymry. Though by profession a barrister, Davis had been a mere silent student till his 25th year, and his studies had ranged from poetry to statistics, and back again. Of history, in several languages, he was a voracious reader. He had thoroughly mastered the economic and political questions involved in the connection of Ireland with England, and thought it shame and sin (which, indeed, it was and is), that our old island should be devoured by strangers; that the people of the ancient clans, who had once taught half the schools and won half the battles in Europe, should send tribute of corn and cattle; nay, (as Athens did of old to Crete), tribute of her choicest youth also, of her genius and her energy, to swell the pride and power of an inferior race. He longed to see Ireland standing on her own feet, using her own resources for her own behoof, living her own genial life, with her own flag floating above her—a free and sovereign state among the nations of Europe. And he knew that all this might be achieved, if only the hereditary religious feuds of ages could be healed, and by inculcation of mutual tolerance and respect, by kindling a common love for our own land, by education, by the promotion of Irish art and re-awakening of Irish military spirit, he hoped to effect it all. It gave him intense pleasure when the Dublin *Evening Mail*, the greatest organ of Irish Orangeism, came out (for example) with such hints as this:

"If a British Union cannot be formed, perhaps an Irish one might. What could Repeal take from Irish Protestants that they are not gradually losing 'in due course?'

"However improbable, it is not impossible, that better terms might be made with the Repealers than the government seems disposed to give. A hundred thousand Orangemen, with their colors flying, might yet meet a hundred thousand Repealers on the banks of the Boyne, and, on a field presenting so many reminiscences to all, sign the Magna Charta of Ireland's independence. The Repeal banner might then be Orange and Green, flying from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork and proudly looking down from the walls of Derry upon a new-born nation."

Eagerly he thus hailed the overture in the *Nation:*

"Here it is at last—the dawning. Here, in the very sanctuary of the Orange heart, is a visible angel of nationality."

He was too sanguine, as we can now all see. He knew not that such threats from Orangeism were meant only to frighten the British government into "better terms," for Orangeism, for the Established church, for the "Ascendancy." In the sanctuary of the Orange heart no angel dwells—of the better species.

For a year before his death Davis had been busy in furthering the preparation of a series of small volumes, called the "Library of Ireland," each of which was to narrate some important period of Irish history, or to present gems of Irish literature, or give a biography of some Irish man of whom we could all be proud. His friends had eagerly responded to his suggestions. MacNevin had written a "History of the Volunteers of 1782," and Duffy had compiled a volume of National ballads. He had undertaken himself to write a Memoir of Wolfe Tone, but his other multifarious labors had delayed its preparation, and death cut short the task.

From the last chapter it is apparent that Sir Robert Peel had skilfully thrown elements of discord among us; his Colleges bill, his Papal Rescript his "message of peace to Ireland," and the like; and that O'Connell and his creatures, as if prompt to aid the minister, had made Conciliation Hall (and, of course a thousand minor Conciliation Halls throughout the country) a theatre of angry discussion and recrimination. Davis would gladly have accepted the new Colleges bill, as he would accept almost any facilities for education. O'Connell and a portion of the clergy denounced it, not because it was an English invention, but because the colleges were to be "godless colleges." John O'Connell, the "Liberator's" son, who had most unaccountably gained much ascendancy over his father's mind since his imprisonment, was especially prominent and energetic in his opposition to the colleges, and to all who favored them. The question was perpetually dragged into discussion, and the grand national movement seemed to have become an organization for settling or guarding Catholic faith or morals. Davis saw too well that his dreams of years were to be dissipated, and though he never relaxed his exertions, the disappointment preyed upon him.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

UNCLE SAM'S HIBERNIANS.

[*To the Editor.*]

OMAHA, Neb., Aug 2.—The A. O. H. of Omaha, even before the Gate City ever got the promise of the National Convention, has become fired with a zest for propagandism which nothing can extinguish. Div. No. 7, composed of some forty of the "Boys in Blue," from U. S. 21 Regiment Infantry, is the latest acquisition to Omaha's A. O. H. An entertainment given by the A. O. H. Blues the other evening for the purpose of raising funds to buy an Irish flag, was the greatest success as an entertainment, and as a monetary result, of any social gathering this year.

We believe that Omaha's Div. No. 7 is unique. Why not do the same at every garrison in the United States? Our boys form no small part of Uncle Sam's army, and they are the men to rely on in case of a possible crisis on the other side of the water. They like the idea of patriotism very well. They are disciplined, and with their Stars and Stripes and their Harp and Sunburst at the head of a Patrick's Day parade, they lend to it that military air which is so desirable in processions of all sorts, but which is so much neglected among our men.

The following is the programme presented to an immense audience by Div. No. 7, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 9:

Formal introduction of Div. No. 7 and address by the Chairman of the evening, Hon. Ben Adams.
Opening Chorus—"The Red, White and Blue," ..... Division No. 7
Song—Selection ..... Miss Rose Flannery
Dance—"Hornpipe" ..... Mr. P. D. Cahill
Song—Selection ..... Mr. O'Grady
Address ..... Hon. T. J. Mahoney
Song—"The Minstrel Boy" ..... Rev. J. A. Bums
Exhibition Drill ..... Division No. 7
Song—Selection ..... Mrs. Downey
Address ..... Hon. John Rush
Tableaux Vivants—"Erin in Tears" ..... Miss Florence Murdoch
Erin and Columbia ..... { Miss O Donnell / Miss Connolly
Song—"Killaloe" ..... Mr. McCormack
Finale—"God Save Ireland" ..... Division No. 7

CEAD MILLE FAILTE.

Arrangements Committee—Messrs. Moran, Corrigan, Cahill, Hickey and Egan. Reception Committee—Messrs. Moran, Corrigan, Cahill, McCormack and Ryan.

The Chinese pay their doctor only so long as he keeps them in health. They believe in preventing rather than curing disease. This is sound sense, and one of the strongest recommendations of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a medicine which not only cures diseases but prevents them.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

A MIGHTY MUSTER.

[Continued from the First Page.]

manufacture of fresh Lords. (Great laughter.) The hopper was in full operation, when the Tory peers, terrified at having such a style of Lords as Grey and Russell could turn out thrust into their sacred body (laughter and cheers) prudently remained away from the house when the bill was again presented. It passed by a large majority, and immediately received the royal sanction. The Lords manufacturing company of Grey, Russell & Co., unlimited, at once suspended the work of surplus production. (Great laughter and cheers.)

It was not, the speaker considered, illogical to suppose that the Home Rule issue would be fought out on lines almost similar, and with the same degree of success. The Lords and the stubborn old Queen, who inherited the Tory prejudices of her grandfather, George III, would fight at first, but eventually they would have to give way and accommodate themselves to nineteenth century ideas. (Loud cheers.)

He did not believe in blind worship or extravagant laudation of even Mr. Gladstone until the forthcoming Home Rule bill was better developed. It was not so many years since the Grand Old Man was a coercionist, eager to use what he called "the resources of civilization" against the men who were seeking for Ireland some thing like that which he himself now proposed to grant. (Hear, hear.) He pledged himself to bring in a Home Rule measure, when Ireland elected a majority of her representatives on that issue. It had to be admitted that he kept his word, in 1886, and was driven out of office on that question, by the treachery of Hartington, Chamberlain, Goschen and the other Liberal Unionist renegades. The Tories had not then the power, any more than they have now, of turning him out of office. Gladstone was a pretty tough old political morsel to masticate, but, he thought, they had him pretty well digested at last. (Cheers and laughter.)

The members of the Irish party, no matter to what section of it they belonged, dared not accept any Home Rule bill that would fail to give Ireland control of the judiciary, the police, the revenues and, if possible, the militia. A judiciary nominated by England would be a constant menace to justice in Ireland, just as it is today. Did they ever hear of a trial between the people and the crown, or between a landlord and a tenant, being fairly conducted in Ireland? (Loud cries of "Never.") Was it not sufficient that a man was suspected of being an enemy of the British connection, to have him arrested, "tried," convicted and hanged on the very slightest circumstantial evidence? (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") Was it not a fact that the Irish bench was constantly recruited by such barefaced renegades as Monaghan, Keogh, Deasy and Fitzgerald? (Cries of "you are right.") Are not such persons paid so many thousand pounds a year for murdering their fellow countrymen under the color of law? (Cries of "that is so.") What good would a Home Rule bill be that allowed such an abuse to longer exist? The judges of Ireland should be as responsible to her, as are the judges of Illinois to the people of the State. Any other relation would be a mockery and a snare, for, in the words of Mitchel, the lives and liberties of the Irish people would still be at the mercy of packed juries, partisan judges and perjured sheriffs. (Prolonged applause.)

Then, there are the police—the Royal Irish constabulary—did you ever run across them in your travels? (A voice, "You bet we did," and great laughter.) They reminded him of the trained elephants, used in Ceylon and Hindostan, to tame the wild fellows that roam in the woods. Two of those tame animals were generally placed, one on each side of a captive brother, and they speedily reduced him to their own captive condition. That was the way with the Irish police. They were used to knock the spunk out of the young men of Ireland. The only difference between them and the elephants was that the beasts carried trunks, and the peelers carpet bags. (Laughter and cheers.) However, if the bad fellows were wed out, and the decent men among them placed under the control of an Irish parliament, they might be of some good to the country which they at present cursed. Under any circumstances even if the Home Rule bill was to be delayed by refusing to accept them in their existing state, they should not be left under the control of the English government. (Applause.) And quite as important as either of the two preceding conditions was the controlling the revenues of the island. Their Tory opponents had argued that Home Rule would mean to Ireland only an additional tax upon the people, which meant, of course, that the existing revenues were pledged to what, in the Irish sense at least, were jocosely termed the imperial interests. The Irish people were already taxed enough and plenty of money was raised by them to meet all natural and legitimate obligations. At present they paid for an army that never fought for them, but always against them (cheers), for a navy that pointed its guns at their beggard seaports, and insulted their country's coasts; for a police that were the tools of their enemies—the instruments by which cruel evictions were carried into effect; for judges and crown lawyers, and professional informers, and spies and detectives and thoroughly accomplished hangmen; (hear and laughter) for all these luxuries they were taxed, and more besides; what kind of a Home Rule bill would it be that still allowed Ireland to be taxed for the luxuries enumerated, as well as placing upon her an additional tax for the support of a government in name but not in fact? Any bill that would not give Ireland her own revenues, to expend for domestic purposes not for imperial waste, would be a fraud and a nullity, and should be spurned with deserved contempt. (Prolonged applause.)

Then, there was the question of the militia. In free countries that force was the defender of native rights and liberties. It should be so in Ireland. That country, under the proposed new arrangement, should control the militia force as the State of Illinois controlled hers, but the recent reorganization of the British army had virtually wiped out the old distinctive system, and had practically incorporated the Irish militia battalions with the regiments of the British line. The jealousy of England would, no doubt, for the present at least, refuse the reasonable privilege of militia control to Ireland; but the question should not be lost sight of, although, under existing conditions, the control of the three powers of judiciary, police and revenue was more important. A time might come when the Irish militia would take their orders from an Irish not an English government, but they never will be allowed to do so if England can prevent it. She remembered 1782 and the Volunteers. Nothing vital in the proposed bill should be overlooked, because any error in that respect at the outset might result in a future, and final, overthrow of Irish legislative independence. The English were constitutionally slow to change a policy, and if the bill was accepted by Ireland in a vague and incomplete state, her position would be injured instead of benefited. (Applause.)

They had heard a great deal of late about opposition from a certain section of the inhabitants of Ulster, led by the narrow-minded Duke of Abercorn, and that notorious Falstaffian warrior, the terrible and ferocious Maj. Saunderson. (Cheers and laughter.) They merely represented the comparatively small Orange element, who had not the sympathy of the thoughtful and sensible Protestants of Ulster. These latter knew, as excellent business men, that their domestic wants could be more economically, efficiently and zealously attended to in Dublin than in London, and they had no disposition to join the army of Williamite ghosts mustered on the banks of the Boyne by the bluffing Duke and the sanguinary Major. (Applause). They knew they had nothing to fear from their Catholic fellow-countrymen, whose history gave evidence that they never sought for, never desired, more than civil and religious equality in their native land. He [the speaker] respected the Protestants of Ulster and of all Ireland. They had given the cause of liberty many a gallant chief and many a noble martyr. (Loud applause). The Irish Catholics, in every generation, since the fall of Limerick particularly, had placed the Protestants who joined their ranks at the head of their political movements, and their chosen chiefs had been such Protestant leaders as Grattan, Flood, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, Isaac Butt, and last, and perhaps greatest in the sense of organizing power, Charles Stewart Parnell. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) He would wish respectfully to inquire what Irish Protestant constituency ever elected, or selected, a Catholic to represent it? The Irish Catholic people who sheltered the English Protestants from the fury of Mary Tudor, the lineal descendants of such a people were not of the material out of which bigots are manufactured. (Prolonged applause.) He believed that when Home Rule was accomplished Major Saunderson would sit for his native county in the Dublin parliament, and would, most likely, be a candidate for the office of secretary of the treasury, or chancellor of the exchequer. (Applause and laughter.)

In dealing with the matter of the retention of Irish members at Westminster to legislate on imperial concerns, the speaker said he would much prefer to have no such provision in the bill, as their presence in the imperial parliament would tend to give the Dublin legislature the aspect of a mere satellite of the London parliament; but if the English had grown so fond of them of late that they could not get along without them in their capital (laughter) if they would throw their arms around their necks and hold them per force he hoped the Irish party would insist on an allopathic not a homeopathic representation. The number of members now representing Ireland at Westminster should not be diminished by a single man. He was glad to observe that both Mr. John Dillon and Mr. John Redmond were firm on this point, and if the Irish party ever consented to a reduction of their voting strength in the London house of commons they were much greater political fools than he took them to be. (Applause.)

It would be a graceful act for Mr. Gladstone on his return to office to grant amnesty to the men accused of political crimes of violence now imprisoned in English and Irish jails. Even if they were guilty as charged, Mr. Gladstone should remember that they were only engaged in ringing that celebrated "chapel bell" of his, which called his attention to the intolerable grievances under which Ireland labored. The parish priest should always be on good terms with the clerk (laughter) and Mr. Gladstone, in that sense, should not be too severe on those who, as he said himself, in connection with the Manchester rescue and the Clerkenwell explosion, called, by a vigorous ringing of the chimes, his attention to the fact that it was time to prepare for church. (Cheers and laughter.) One day of frank clemency would have a more softening effect on the warm Irish heart than a hundred years of "sour severity. (Loud cheers.)

In concluding the speaker urged complete union in the Irish ranks, and said that, that once accomplished, the American Irish would give every dollar they could spare, and more too, to assist their brethren at home in their brave and well sustained struggle for self government. (Loud cheers.) He hoped, and believed, that the day was not far distant when some of them, at least, could return temporarily to Ireland to celebrate the resuscitation of her long silent senate, and to hail with tears of joy and smiles of triumph, her own Green Flag waving proudly above her regenerated people—the Green above the Red. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Conclusion

At the conclusion of Mr. Finerty's speech, the superb display of fireworks was set in motion, and fully realized the expectations of the spectators, although, by an unforseen accident, the frame-work of the representation of the Irish Houses of Parliament got so badly injured as to be rendered useless. The other splendid pieces, mostly patriotic in character, and all expressive of hope, amply recompensed the audience, and all separated for their homes delighted with the most successful Irish national demonstration ever held in Chicago.

MARRIAGE OF MR. T. HARRINGTON.

Yesterday afternoon a marriage which had been looked forward to with much interest took place in St. Kevin's Chapel in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street. It was that of Mr. Timothy M. Harrington, B. L. M. P. to Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, daughter of the late Dr O'Neill of Cavendish row. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the ceremony was private. Long before the hour fixed for the ceremony the street outside the Cathedral was crowded by persons, principally ladies, who desired to get a glimpse of the young bride-elect, and inside the Cathedral and the side chapel a large number of friends of the contracting parties, and as each carriage drove up to the Presbytery laden with well known citizens the crowd became very enthusiastic. Indeed the people, most of them constituents of the bride groom, seemed determined to put forth every effort to show Mr. Harrington in a practical manner that he had their congratulations. St. Kevin's Chapel proved to be too small to accommodate more than a tithe of the number of persons who attended to witness the ceremony. The scene during the performance of the marriage service was an extremely pretty one. Before the altar the bride-elect and groom were attended by the exquisitely attired bridesmaids and the best man, Mr. J. L Carew. The gowns worn by the majority of the ladies present were of soft tinted fabrics, which harmonized with pleasing effect with the surroundings. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Daniel Harrington, president of St. Michael's College, Listowel, assisted by the Rev. Canon Keon, of Fairview, and the Rev. Father Dowling, of Marlborough street. The bridesmaids were Miss Adele Hanley, Miss Emily McGann and Miss Mary Harrington, niece of the groom. They were becomingly gowned in dresses of cream crepon, with yokes and sleeves of Surah silk, sashes of the same material, and white chip hats trimmed with white ostrich plumes. The young bride looked charming in a dress of ivory satin Duchesse, trimmed with fine old lace, and bouquets of orange flowers, a stelaice and girdle of pearls, and long tulle veil. She wore a beautiful necklet of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried an exquisite bouquet of exotics. On the conclusion of the ceremony the register was signed, the witnesses being Miss Adele Hanley and Mr. J. L Carew. The bridal party then drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where a reception was held.—*Dublin Independent, July 29*

ADDRESS TO MY COUNTRY,

BY WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

(St. Luke, chap. 23, v. 28)

Oh! weep not for me—when the dreary sand
I sluggishly pace on a foreign strand
Pondering the woes of my native land,
Then weep not for me!
But I'll weep for thee—when the faithful few
To exile are driv'n because to thee true,
And thy sons are taught th' oppressor to sue,
Then I'll weep for thee!
Weep not for me when morning's bright rays
Waken the nations to gladness and praise,
But cheer not with hope "the prisoner's" days,
Then weep not for me!
But I'll weep for thee when in ocean's foam
The red sun hath sunk through evening's gloam.
Yet no joy hath brought to thy saddened home,
Then I'll weep for thee!
Oh! weep not for me—when the "convict's" chain
Fetters my limbs and distracts me with pain,
And tempts me to writhe, but not to complain,
Then weep not for me!
But I'll weep for thee—when fetters less rude
But more keen, which Erin's strength have subdued,
Binds the souls of thy sons in servitude—
Then I'll weep for thee?
Weep not for me—when by slander my name
Our foes shall attempt, in vain, to defame,
And prating of "treason," against me declaim.
Then weep not for me!
But I'll weep for thee—when freemen despise
Thy children as slaves—their boasting as lies—
And truth, thy false sons as "traitors" decries,
Then I'll weep for thee!
Oh! weep not for me—when death's welcome hour
Shall release me from England's despot pow'r,
And foes shall no longer around me lour—
Then weep not for me!
But I'll weep for thee—when death's chill hand
When terrors more grim encircle thy land,
When in "dust and ashes" the living stand,
Then I'll weep for thee!

CLONMEL GAOL, Nov. 10, 1848.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Stormy Vacation Days Made Pleasant.

Did you ever have a vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times, and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the *Waverly Magazine*, of different dates, for $1 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in trashy 25c novels would cost you $12. Address WAVERLY MAGAZINE, Box 173, Boston, Mass.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Saved the Book Agent.

Mrs. Carrie Holmes, who lives about a mile from Kinkaid, Mo., saved the life of a book agent in a remarkable manner last week. The man was going from house to house selling his books, and in order to shorten the distance went across lots, and in doing so entered the field of James Watson, where there was a vicious bull known all over the country as a man-killer. George Johnson, the book agent, saw the bull but paid little attention to his demonstrations, says the New York *Herald*, until the enraged animal was so close upon him that he had little hope for escape. He dropped his books and went yelling for the fence, but the bull chased upon him and was just about to strike him with his horns when Johnson stumbled and fell, the animal passing on and turning to attack him as he lay. Just at this moment Mrs. Holmes, who had heard the yelling of Johnson, appeared on the scene with a rifle, and as the bull charged on the unfortunate man, she fired, the ball taking effect in the brute's head and dropping him within ten feet of where Johnson lay. Mrs. Holmes was fully a hundred yards away when she fired, and is being congratulated on all sides for her good shot. She has been handling a rifle for many years and is considered one of the best shots in the vicinity, but this is the first time she has been able to demonstrate that it is advisable for a woman to learn how to handle weapons.

Money for Women.

I read with interest Mrs. Williams' account of what she did in the silk culture. There are not many avenues open to women for work, and it should be the duty of all to let what they have done be known for the benefit of others, so I will tell what I did in the plating business. I saw in an old newspaper that Mrs. Wells had made money plating gold, silver and nickel. I did as she suggested and sent to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and obtained one of their $5 Lightning Platers. It came in perfect order, and I sold two the first afternoon to neighbors of mine for $10 apiece, making $10 by the transaction, and have got nearly $25 worth of plating to do. Why should any woman complain that her lot is a hard one, when such chances are open to her sex? Any one can obtain circulars from the above firm, and do as well as I have done.

CARRIE JONES

Let There Be Peace

In the gastric region. If troubled with nausea from sea sickness, biliousness or other cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will immediately put a stop to the stomachic disturbance. A prominent and most unpleasant feature of liver complaint is nausea in the morning. The symptoms disappear and the cause is removed by the Bitters. Many persons have very delicate stomachs which trifling indiscretions in eating or drinking, or even some sight that is repulsive, disorders. Such persons cannot act more wisely than to invigorate their digestive region with the Bitters, a tonic specially adapted to reinforce it. For malaria, rheumatism, kidney troubles and nervousness the Bitters will be found marvellously beneficial, and when sleep is untranquil and appetite variable it soon improves both. It is in fact a most comprehensive and delightful remedy.

IT RESPECTS THE LAW.

The Lottery Company's Good Faith.

[*Washington Telegram to Globe-Democrat.*]

The New Orleans Postmaster, Capt. S. M. Eaton, is a little smooth faced man, honest and shrewd. He is a great friend of Warmoth, but he has backed up the Postmaster General's efforts vigorously in the fight on the lottery.

The year before the warfare began Mr. Eaton says the Lottery Company bought at the New Orleans office $103,000 worth of stamps and stamped envelopes. For that same year the total revenue of the office was $416,000. So it appears that the Lottery Company contributed within $1 000 of one fourth of the entire revenue of the office.

By the action of the department in enforcing the anti lottery law passed by Congress this postal revenue from the lottery company became a dead loss. Last year's receipts by the New Orleans office reached a total of $332,000. The day before Capt. Eaton started to this conference the lottery company posted in all its branch offices in New Orleans a notice to this effect:

"The Supreme Court of the United States having decided the anti lottery postal law to be constitutional, it is hereby ordered and directed that no one in the employ of this company shall mail a letter which in any way refers directly or indirectly to the business of the lottery. It must be understood that this company will aid in the enforcement of this law."

"I think that this notice is honest and sincere," said Capt. Eaton, "and the company means just what it says."

Two Harvest Excursions

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Macinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

H.R.EAGLE

Old Flour.

Every good housewife knows that flour made from all old wheat is very much better than that made from new wheat. Harvest is just commencing in Minnesota and the Dakotas—we do not intend taking any chances of the millers mixing new wheat with the old, and for that reason have, before the new wheat is cut, had twenty five carloads of our "H. R. EAGLE & CO.'S BEST MINNESOTA PATENT FLOUR," made from all old wheat, shipped us. This flour is due here on Monday and rather than put it in warehouses will sell it for immediate delivery at less than the market price.

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour.. $4.79

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in bags:

26-lb Bags, Each	69 cents
50-lb Bags, Each	$1.39
FINEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT FLOUR, Per barrel	$4.39

A 14-FOOT COTTON HAMMOCK FOR 29 CENTS.

Mason Quart Fruit Jars, each	5 cents
A 6-lb Box Best Laundry Starch for	35 cents
A Half Gallon Best Laundry Blueing for	20 cents

SOAPS.

	Per Bar.	Per Box.
Kirk's Standard Family, 72 bars in box	2¾ cents	$1.98
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars in box	4 cents	2.75
Fairbank's Santa Claus, 100 bars in box	4 cents	3 90
Eagle's 16-Ounce Standard, 60 bars in box	4 cents	2 40
Werks' German Mottled, 60 bars in box	5 cents	2.90
Schaffer's German Mottled, 60 bars in box	5 cents	3.00
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars in box	5½ cents	3.24
Kirk's American Family, 60 bars in box	6 cents	6.00
Kirk's White Cloud, 100 bars in box	4¼ cents	4.25
Babbitt's Best, 100 bars in box	4¼ cents	4.80
Dobbin's Electric, 60 bars in box	9 cents	

TOILET SOAPS.

Pure Cocoanut Oil, 1 dozen in box	25 cents
Turkish Bath, best quality, 1 dozen in box	39 cents
Marechal Neil, highly perfumed, 3 cakes in box	19 cents
"Crown" Glycerine, finest milled soap, 3 cakes in box	25 cents

Carolina Head Rice, per lb	5 cents
Imported Maccaroni, per lb	5 cents
California Dried Apricots, per lb	7 cents
French Capers, per bottle	9 cents
King Gas Stoves, each	19 cents
Spanish Queen Olives, per bottle	19 cents
Nelson's Gelatine, per package	9 cents
10 lbs Yellow Corn Meal for	19 cents
Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	12 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
New Tomato Catsup per bottle	7 cents
Persian Insect Powder, per lb	1 cent

SUGAR GIVEN AWAY.

5 LBS GRANULATED SUGAR FREE

To each purchaser of a 50-cent bottle of our Vanilla or Lemon Extract, which we guarantee to be the best in the market. The Extract alone cannot be bought for less than 50 cents per bottle.

2 lb can Lima Beans	5 cts
A 1 lb Can "Bell" Lobsters	15 cts
A 2 lb Can California Salmon	16 cts
Large Cans Mustard Sardines	6 cts
Fine Carolina Rice, per lb	5 cts
Large package Nelson's Gelatine	9 cts
Self-Wringing Mops, each	29 cts

Sugar Given Away.

5 lbs Granulated Sugar free to each purchaser of a 2-lb Canister of our Pure Ground Pepper, which we have always sold at 50 cents per canister.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT.

CIGARS AT A SACRIFICE.

	Per 1,000	Per Box.
Fedora, 4½ inch Flora Fina, 50 in box	$12.00	65 cts
La Rosa de Santiago, 4¾ inch Panatella, 50 in box	13.00	69 cts
Swanhilda, 4¾ inch Panatella, 50 in box	14.00	79 cts
Los Rositas, warranted all long filler 4 inch Superiores, 50 in box	17.00	90 cts
Royal Club, 4½ inch Conchas Finas; are worth double what we ask	32.00	1.75
La Caroline 4½ inch all Havana Bouquet Elegantes, 50 in box	48.00	2.75
Henry Clay, 4½ inch Conchas, 50 in box	9.00	45 cts
Hand Made, 4 inch Conchs Especial, union label, long combination filler, 50 in box	18.00	1.00
Bouquet de Lillian, 3¾ in. Conchs Finos, long Havana filler, Connecticut wrapper, 25 in box	19.00	49 cts
Golden Crown, 4 inch Londres Chico, Sumatra wrapper, long Havana filler, 50 in box	30.00	1.75
Key West Special, a particularly good bargain, 25 in box	19.00	49 cts
Number 632, bought at the same sale, will be sold at a slight advance over what they cost us	27.00	2.70
Slipper Bouquet, a good smoker; we bought too many of them and must cut the stock down, 25 in box	18.00	45 cts
La Flora de Cuba, 50 in a box	14.00	75 cts

ICE CREAM FREE—We will serve free all this week Delicious Vanilla Ice Cream made from MONROE CONCENTRATED CREAM.

PORCELAIN LINED

PRESERVE KETTLES.

2-Quart	19 cts	7-Quart	42 cts
3 "	23 cts	8 "	45 cts
4 "	25 cts	10 "	49 cts
5 "	29 cts	12 "	55 cts
6 "	35 cts	14 "	60 cts

"PICKLE 'EM"

And put them Away for Next Winter—You Will Find Them Very Toothsome Then.

Yellow Mustard Seed, per lb	5 cts
Black Mustard Seed, per lb	9 cts
Whole African Ginger, per lb	5 cts
Whole Black Pepper, sifted, per lb	9 cts
Whole White Pepper, sifted, per lb	29 cts
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	12 cts
Whole Allspice, sifted, per lb	9 cts
Whole Cinnamon, per lb	9 cts
Whole Pickling Spices, best quality	25 cts

(These are all new, fresh goods, and we invite housekeepers and storekeepers to call and lay in a supply).

CLOSE THEM OUT.

King Gas Stove, each	19 cts
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb	19 cts
Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cts
Fancy New Crop Japan Tea, per lb	38 cts
Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	12 cts
Green Golden Rio Coffee, per lb	15 cts
A 25 cent Bottle of Hire's Root Beer	15 cts
Ten 5 pound Bags Salt, in all 50 lbs for	35 cts
A 27 ounce Bottle Spanish Queen Olives	19 cts
Covers for Old Style Mason Fruit Jars	3 cts
Covers for New Style Mason Fruit Jars	3 cts
Largest Size Chopping Bowls, each	9 cts
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	2½ cts
Three Pound Cans Tomatoes	7½ cts
One Pound Cans Coronet Baking Powder	9 cts
One Pound Packages Baking Soda	3 cts
Box Eagle Paper and Envelopes	5 cts
French Capers, per bottle	9 cts

TOBACCO.

Plow Boy, Yum Yum, Navy and Sweet Tip Top, per lb	29 cts
Lorillard's Army and Navy Plug, per lb	22 cts
P. J. Sorg & Co.'s Spear Head	33 cts
Scotch Snuff, per package	1 ct
Flower Pot and Silver Dollar Fine Cut, per lb	25 cts
Piper Heidsieck Plug, per lb	52 cts

H. R. Eagle & Co.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

ROSE SONG.

Plant above my lifeless heart
Crimson roses red as blood,
As if the love pent there so long
Were pouring forth its flood.

Then, through them, my heart may tell
Its Past of Love and Grief,
And I shall feel them grow from it
And know a vague relief.

Though rotting shroud shall feel their roots
And into them my self shall grow,
And when I blossom at her feet
She on that day shall know!

—Anna Reeve Aldrich.

FOR DAVID.

The Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it like shining ribbons lay the railroad tracks, converging mysteriously until distance blended them into one.

Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the disconsolate prairie town. Beyond, inclosed by a white picket fence, straggled the desolate graveyard.

The only thing in plenty which nature supplied was room. There was an abundance of space. It was quite a walk to cross the street. Neighbors' houses stood aloof. Nobody was crowded, even in the graveyard.

The telegraph operator, satiated with landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly and collapsed in his chair, which creaked in mixed remonstrance. He tossed a remark over his shoulder, "So this is what you are yearnin for, Dave?"

Dave took his cane, and limping to the door viewed the inertness in silence. Then he roused himself and said cheerfully:

"A telegraph operator is all I'm good for since I got hurt."

"Seems like the com'ny might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident. I wouldn't have hurt 'em none to keep you as a conductor," grumbled his friend.

Suddenly the afternoon stillness was broken by excited voices and the sharp barking and yapping of dogs. Joe brought his feet to the floor in a hurry.

"I can't leave the machine, Dave. Go and see what the rumpus is about. I bet Brier Rose is up to somethin. It takes that there girl to stir up the boys. Ho, Foxy," he said to his terrier, who was whirling around in an ecstasy of anticipation, "you stay here. If Brier Rose is at the bottom of it, a little feller like you might get lost in the shuffle."

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl holding some little animal high above her head, while the dogs leaped and snapped around her.

The girl, with scarlet cheeks, begged and scolded and threatened them all to their infinite amusement.

"Call off your dawg, Jim," she said fiercely to the owner of the largest, whose leaps sometimes almost reached the quivering little object in her hands.

"Throw down the beast an I will," he answered.

"If that there dawg gives another jump I'll pizen him before sun up," she said slowly.

Jim made a lunge for the dog and sat on him to keep him down, while the crowd hooted in derision of his obedience.

"What's all this?" cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst.

"Brier Rose is being held up," cried a voice.

The crowd yelled with delight. The girl's whole face became white with rage as she singled out the speaker.

"You'll pay for that, Ben Miles, as you've paid before," she said.

"Call off those brutes," cried Dave, rapping the nearest dog with his cane. "For shame, to tease a woman!"

"Look a-hyer, stranger," said a young giant menacingly. He towered above Dave, who stood his ground.

"I'm lame and no account in a fight," said Dave; "but half a man ain't goin to see a woman tormented."

"Who in thunder," began his threatener; but Ben Miles laid a hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Jim," he said; "that there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the smashed up No. 7."

"Not the feller that got hurt savin the baby?"

"The same."

"Sho, stranger!" said the mollified Jim. "You're welcome to interfere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fur nothin. Bless my stars! Brier Rose can take care of herself better'n most men."

The dogs were all held now, and the girl put her tired arms down. She looked curiously at the man, whose brave story she knew by heart, as she heard him defend her.

To be sure, she had been defended before; there was hardly a man who would not have risked his life to save hers, but they teased her unmercifully when they got the chance. Dave's interference was on a new line. She did not quite understand it, but it appealed to her at once.

When Dave went back to the station to tell Joe the latter roared with delight.

"Just like her! Exactly like her!" he cried, slapping his leg so inhumanly that his lame friend winced for him.

"Who is Brier Rose?" he repeated in answer to Dave's question. "You don't know much if you don't know old Bryan's daughter. She's the best known girl from Horseshoe Gap to Powder Crik. Old Bryan's been engineer on the road ever since the track was laid. All eyes she was then as she is now. What wasn't eyes was temper. Same now, savin that now she bosses the boys in addition to old Bryan. She can run an engine with the best of 'em. Bryan's taught her all the tricks, and he thinks the sun rises and sets for just her."

"Strange she would defend a gopher when she's so hard on the boys," observed Dave.

"That's just it. That's Brier Rose! She's got more tame pets; she's friendlier with every beast in Weepin Willer than with any of the boys. She ain't even got a head fur anybody but old Bryan; you notice I make no mention of heart concernin Brier Rose; I don't keer to talk of what she ain't got—and just now she's specially bewitched about him. After keepin straight for forty years he's taken to drink. The girl knows he'll lose his job if the company gets wind of it and she watches him like a hawk."

"What's Bryan's run.

"Horseshoe to Powder Crik. She knows every inch of the track and siding. And I wisht you could see her handle the critter. She knows all Bryan does, and she's a heap site quicker calc'latin than the old man. It's wuth while to see her oil and clean the machine. She goes over it spry as a kitten."

"She's handsome," said Dave simply.

"Humph! Handsome is as handsome does," observed Joe grumpily. "She is cold as ice and hard as a rock. It's my belief that she ain't got no heart same as other wimmin. And sassy? Lor!"

In spite of what he had heard, or perhaps because of what he has heard, all things, even the melancholy town itself, grew rose colored to Dave's sunny eyes. With his unfailing cheerfulness he waited hopefully for news of his appointment at Red Valley, and hovered, as if fascinated, around engine 44.

Neither the boys nor old Bryan were slow to notice this, the latter having accepted such attentions periodically from all the young men. It was so inevitable a proceeding that up to the time of the Middleton's dance they paid no attention to it.

But that night something extraordinary occurred.

The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy little pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly, notwithstanding the fact that she had a stout little whip in her hand. They had something new and strange to tease her about.

"Brier Rose," called out Jim as she drew rein, "you don't care nothin about dancin, do you?"

"You'd ruther set all the evenin, wouldn't you, now?"

"D'you like the name o' Dave, or do you reckon you'd rather have Comstock!"

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled up taunts fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips growing scarlet. For once her ready tongue failed her. Small need to ask them what they meant. Too well she knew. But was her subjugation apparent in such a trifle? And so soon? And Dave as yet had said nothing. Emboldened by her silence, they went further.

"What does he say about it?"

The shamed crimson leaped to her very temples and receded, leaving her face pitifully white. Her wounded pride now panted for but one thing—a way out. Probably he knew it too. She saw him coming down the street.

"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose, do you love Dave?" cried the one farthest from her whip.

Her courage came back at Dave's approach, and the spell of her unwonted silence was broken.

"Do I love him?" she cried, looking him fairly in the face. "I come nearer to hating him!"

She turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little pony. He craned his neck and went up the street on a dead run, but fast as Rose flew the grieved look in Dave Comstock's blue eyes kept pace with her.

That night Joe fidgeted around, unable to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon. Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms.

Joe coughed noisily and said nothing. Dave looked down at his poor maimed foot.

"Joe, do you know that little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught and I couldn't move. I've never seen Brier Rose smile at me that way. If I had saved her perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved, of his defense of her.

And today in return she had mocked him. Aye, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears—tears in the eyes of Brier Rose!

The position of telegraph operator at Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock. The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station with Dave on the rear platform of the way car.

The 44 having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine now stood on the siding waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express.

Old Bryan was up in a crowd of men in front of the postoffice. Brier Rose watched him anxiously. As long as he kept away from the Owl she felt easy. He knew she was watching him. He also knew that she would not hesitate to come after him if the Owl proved too strong an attraction. Therefore he kept away.

She trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the handrail with a black, oil sodden cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Every valve worked with precision. Every screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like a born fireman.

His own machine called his attention from the 44. Then Rose heard him cry out, and springing down she rushed into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!" he said hoarsely. "Spite work of a discharged engineer. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—a single track—Dave's train only going fifteen—the 44 and that ore car on the only siding between here and Red Valley. My God!"

"Where is it?" cried Brier Rose.

"It broke away from Horseshoe Gap. Message is from Prairie City. It's already passed Prairie City, headed straight for here. It's bound to catch Dave before his train gets to Red Valley."

Rose turned white to her very lips. She covered her face with her brown hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head and looked Joe full in the face.

"I can save him!" she cried. She sprang for her engine and climbed into the cab.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe in dismay.

Rose turned her white face toward him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals as you value Dave's life!" she cried. Then she pulled the throttle valve out to its full extent. The engine shivered all over, and at fifty-two miles an hour the 44, driven by Brier Rose, leaped down the track to meet the runaway.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles, lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight with Dave on board, and the cruel, senseless, runaway engine. Between them was Brier Rose, with just a chance of safety.

She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurl her to her doom, and still not divert disaster from Dave. The whistle of the 44 shrilled out an unearthly screech continually, to warn even the birds from fluttering too near the messenger of life.

The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed. For the first time the odor of hot oil made Rose feel faint. She hung half out of the cab window, panting for breath, and her hands clinging crazily to the window for support.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the 44 to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine she closed the throttle with a rush that made the 44 tremble. She reversed her engine, and at little less than twenty-five miles an hour began running away from the runaway.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was coming too slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the speed and let the engine gain on her faster.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered.

In sight of Weeping Willow at last. The 44 whistled frantically. Rose signaled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the 44 and the runaway flew past the little station platform, crowded with every man, woman and child in town.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing, and then from sheer nervousness he squeezed Foxy until he yelped wildly.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow and Dave's train in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. The 44 snorted in defiance of being caught. Rose braced herself for the shock. Crash! came the cowcatcher of the runaway into the unprotected rear of the gallant 44. Rose had loosened her hold, and the concussion flung her to the floor, with her soft cheek against the cab seat.

Faint with her fall she gathered herself together and shut off the steam. Then, with the nose of the runaway viciously pushing the 44, Brier Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, up along the boiler side into the cab and crashed the throttle shut when the 44 was within a car's length of Dave's train.

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier Rose, how could you do it?" he whispered, with a shudder.

"I did it for you, David—for you."—Boston Globe.

Distrust of Governments.

Yes, we distrust the state, whatever its name or shape; we distrust its prudence, its lights, its doctrines and its aims; its processes, its methods, its propensity to regulate, its obstructiveness and its self conceit; its morality, its conscience and its probity. It worries us to see in it the organ of right and the instrument of justice. We cannot arm the state with new rights or fortify its power on one side without re-enforcing it on all sides. The domain of public authority cannot be extended over all interests and private contracts without enslaving the individual and subjecting the family to it.

No artifice of political science can find means to make the state the master of economical life, the omnipotent arbiter of the mill and the shop, without our societies that live by work being taken wholly into his hand.—A. Leroy Beaulieu in Popular Science Monthly.

Impure Air to Blame.

Speaking of fresh air an English authority says: "We suspect that not liability to cold, but to gout, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, some forms of headache and many forms of nervous irritation are to be conquered by constantly giving lungs and skin a fair chance of getting rid of these poisons. We suspect that much of the intemperate drinking in towns results from the depressed feeling which follows work done under the same conditions."

Recommended an Animal Painter.

A remark made by a clever London lady the other day is worth recording. A gentleman whom she much disliked said to her: "I know that you have a great and deserved reputation for artistic taste. Now would you kindly exercise it on my behalf by telling me whom you would recommend me to have my portrait painted by?" The reply was prompt, "By Rosa Bonheur."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MINING CAMP LIFE.

THERE ARE MANY ELEMENTS OF THE PICTURESQUE ABOUT IT.

A Deserted Camp Is, However, a Depressing Sight—A Miner's Hazardous Work Seems to Have a Great Attraction for Him, for He Seldom Gives It Up.

Life in a mining camp bears an ideally picturesque aspect, and whether situated in the dark shadow of some rocky gorge, through which rushes a noisy, snow fed torrent, or upon a rocky and precipitous hillside, the scene is equally wild and romantic.

The little cabins nestle in sheltered nooks, where a bit of level ground can be found large enough to hold the miniature structure, with usually a sentinel pine at the door and a well worn path to the stream, which lashes and foams along its rock bed, or they cling to the steep mountain sides, where winding trails lead to the ravine below.

The hills, the gulches, the very rocks are literally honeycombed with dark tunnels and "prospect holes," where men have searched with pick and powder for the precious metals, and many a hope lies buried in these excavations where the white "clumps" gleam like new graves among the gray rocks and the green pines.

The camp that has outlived its boom has an especially desolate air. The old shafthouses, with their tall smokestacks leaning like the tower of Pisa, the long tunnels, the deep, dark and grewsome shafts going down hundreds of feet into the earth, with their rotten timbers and damp, slippery ladders which erst have borne the feet of merry workmen to their labors, give one a chill or horror to look down into their yawning depths, and one can fancy he sees the ghastly light of the miner's candle flickering here and there in the gloom.

But the busy camp, the camp that is booming, is anything but quiet. At 7 o'clock whistles blow and swarms of men begin to disappear into the earth like prairie dogs into their burrows, and hundreds of feet below the surface, by the pale light of tallow candles, they drill and blast the solid rock all day. At 5 they come up pale and half blinded by the sunlight, while the "night shift" goes down in their place to continue the work through the night.

Once a miner always a miner seems to be the rule. Perhaps it is the spice of danger ever present in the probability of an exploding cap of the giant powder, a falling rock or the falling of timbers or machinery that lends a fascination to many whose nature it is to toy with danger. At any rate a real miner seldom abandons his occupation, although he may meet with countless mishaps or lose months of pay in some dishonest company.

The majority of gold miners are Americans, and are mostly an intelligent, independent and reliable class. No Italian can be induced to enter a mine where an accident has ever occurred, especially if it has been of a fatal nature. Cornishmen are often employed and usually are good workmen, but their queer dialect and peculiar habits make them the butt of unmerciful ridicule. Foreigners just over show an amazing fear of bosses, as was shown in the case of a raw Frenchman recently, who worked with such unusual diligence during the visits of the superintendent as to rouse that official's suspicions.

It was rather the habit of the men to cease their work and chat familiarly with the boss, at the same time giving their attention to his instructions. But the poor Frenchman, who was really a good fellow anxious to hold his job, worked with such untiring energy that it seemed evident that his efforts were strained for the purpose of effect. The boss was disgusted and threatened to discharge him. A few timely hints from his fellow workmen, however, induced the Frenchman to desist from such extreme efforts and to sit down upon his wheelbarrow at the next visit from the official, while his uneasy and frightened appearance caused the laugh to go round.

While the work underground has its attractions for the brawny arm and skilled hand, that of the anxious prospector above, prowling among the rocks and searching every seam and crevice in search of gold, is full of alternate hope and despondency, and many a man grown gray in the work has finally laid down to die broken in heart and body in the mad following of the most exasperating will-o'-the-wisp that ever lured men on to despair. And if ever the gentle Goddess of Hope transforms herself into a demon it is when she beckons with her alluring finger through mountain fastnesses while her victim plods with weary step, ever searching step by step for that which he will never find.

Man may be learned in mineralogy and may be able to tell at a glance the nature and quality of ore. He may explain to you the difference between telluride and tellurium. He may know all the different strata and formations and be able to survey the distance through a mountain to an inch. And while this learned man canters gayly along, fully equipped for a successful prospecting tour, some poor tenderfoot or green hobo, plodding by abstractedly, kicks over a rotten stump or digs his heels into the ground as he rests in the shade of a pine; and lo! the precious metal is in sight.

The tenderfoot may or may not know that the rusty ore beneath his feet is worth $1,000 per ton. The smart man may ride along and offer him a fair price for his find or hoot at the idea of its value and eventually get it all. And again, the finder may be smart enough to hold on to it. These things are just as they happen, and nature herself seems a selfish and capricious parent, pouring into the laps of her favored children vast streams of gold from her veins and cruelly withholding from others even the smallest portion of her wealth. Such is the feverish and overwrought life of the goldseeker.—Omaha World-Herald.

Consideration for the Help.

The thoughtful housekeeper will not forget the consideration due to her servant during such extreme weather as has been undergone lately. Even with every care the kitchen is an almost intolerable place with the average temperature of the day among the nineties. Any woman who does not realize this has only to walk from her cool, darkened sitting room to the cook's domain to be glad to hurry away.

The meals should be planned to demand as little heat as possible, and an arrangement ought to be made to give the cook an hour or two out of the kitchen in some cool spot during the day. In a morning call a day or two ago the hostess excused herself a moment to call over the basement balustrade, "Is the door closed into the basement hall, Ellen, from the kitchen?"

"No, ma'am," came up stairs.

"Close it at once, please; the heat from the kitchen comes up through the house," and it was further explained to the visitor on the return to the parlor that Ellen was ironing, and with the discretion usual to her kind "persisted in keeping the kitchen door open."

That the girl over the ironing table needed the circulation of air possible only by the opening of the door in question and the lower area door did not occur to the mistress. Yet she was a kind hearted woman, for she told her caller a few moments later that she had some shopping to do, but it was "really too warm to take out the horse."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Corporal Punishment.

Some grown persons would seem to think that there is no true place for chastisement in a system of education. Such at all events is our impression of those, and there are many parents among them, who regard an ordinary beating given in school as almost an indictable form of assault. People of this kind have evidently forgotten the singularities of their own wayward youth, or perhaps their lives knew only a genial and untroubled springtime of good conduct. In neither case can their judgment be relied upon to form a rule of discipline for the guidance of school teachers. The bad boy will continue to deserve and to repay with better behavior his needful thrashings, and even the good boy will sometimes err and will profit by corporal reproofs.

The truth about physical punishment, we may take it, is that it is indispensable—an evil perhaps, but a necessary one. It must be borne, but in order to attain success with the least possible amount of injurious friction it must also be regulated. There must be no impulsive pulling about, no random strokes with the hand or the ruler, no ear boxing with its probable sequel—the ruptured tympanum. The head should never be struck, not even slapped. We may say the same of the body but for one most tender but safely padded prominence which appears to mark the naturally appointed seat of childish affliction.—London Lancet.

Money in Rabbits.

"I am deeply interested in the extermination of rabbits in Australia and New Zealand," said Charles W. Kent, of London.

"You would like some statistics? To commence with, on careful calculation it is now settled that two rabbits in ten years will multiply to 70,000,000. That is a moderate figure. Rabbits have particular advantages for thriving in Australia, and have used those advantages for forty years since they were introduced. In New South Wales the government expended over $4,000,000 from 1883 to 1890 endeavoring to exterminate them. Besides that, a greater sum has been expended in private moneys. In one year 25,280,000 skins had royalty paid upon them.

"Now, there is another side to this question of extermination, and that is the rabbit killer's and the rabbit skin dealer's interests. A killer gets two cents a head royalty from the government for destroying the animal's life. He then sells the skin at from four to six cents. On the meat at the canning factories he averages from two to four cents. It is a nice, easy way of making money. The skins are bale pressed and exported to London. In that city there is a general auction sale of skins every six weeks. The sales average from 1,500 to 2,000 bales, and the average to a bale is 200 skins."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sausages Without Bread Crumbs.

The sausages made in Sardinia from pork or veal, and seasoned with spices and a little rum, have no bread in their composition; nor indeed do the Italians any more than the Germans seem to look with eyes of approbation on bread crumbs as an accompaniment to sausage meat. To put too much bread into any sausage and to sell it at the price that would be charged for an equal quantity of butcher's meat, partakes considerably of the nature of fraud; but such fraud might be obviated.

The even greater peril of eating tainted meat might be averted if housekeepers would only encourage their cooks to make larger use of the sausage mincing machine, which insures perfect cleanliness, while it disperses the seasoning equally, minces to any degree of fineness and at the same time fills the skins with sausage meat.—London Telegraph.

Weren't Selling the Books by the Dozen.

In the windows of a Broadway book store was recently exhibited a set of Shakespeare, in eight 16mo. volumes. The books are masterpieces of the printers' and binders' art. They are bound in half morocco, with the covers beautifully tooled. The volumes caught the eye of a good old woman, who had no doubt been seeking bargains in dry goods stores. She popped into the place, and pointing at the works said to a salesman, "How much air them Shakespeares a dozen?"

"Ninety dollars for the set of eight," blandly answered the man.

"Ninety"—and she turned and fled, forgetting her usual "Well, I think I'll call again."—New York Tribune.

THE STORY OF A WOODEN CROSS.

Brave and Faithful Mehawanta Met His Death While Doing His Duty.

A party of Minnetonka explorers landed on Crane island, and in the course of their peregrinations ran on to a peculiarly shaped mound. The elevation would have attracted no attention probably but for a moss covered and worm eaten wooden cross that surmounted it. The cross bore every evidence of great age. It was formed of two rough branches solidly mortised together. That others had found it was plain from the carvings it bore. There was some speculation as to the origin and intent of this rough hewed emblem. Some insisted that it had served a pious hermit as an altar before which to repeat his prayers; others claimed to have discovered a legend inscribed on the time worn stump, and to these the cross denoted a grave—probably the last resting place of some early pioneer.

The truth is even more romantic and interesting. That cross has stood the ravages of time and the vandal hand of the tourist visitor since 1851. It was built by a Frenchman named Edmond Dornier to mark the last resting place of an Indian. The Indian had rendered Dornier a great service. He was shot to death by the Frenchman while in the very act of serving him. It was a mistake, and one which Dornier regretted to the day when he himself died a violent death in the Indian war of 1861. Dornier lived on the lake shore. He was one of the first settlers. The log house he built has long since been replaced by a pretentious house, now occupied by a Minneapolis man as his summer residence. Dornier had a wife and two daughters. The latter were skillful in navigation of the bark canoes made by the tribe of Sioux then resident in that region.

One of the oldest and wisest of the Sioux tribe was Mehawanta, a friend of the whites and a conservative adviser of his tribe. One day Dornier's oldest daughter, then a handsome girl of nineteen, was fishing in a canoe off Crane island, when the crazy craft capsized as the result of her attempt to land a large fish. The girl's clothing had become caught in the little canoe, and although an expert swimmer she was drowning rapidly. It was then that with tremendous strides old Mehawanta came crashing through the underbrush. The old Indian could swim like a duck, and in a trice he had rescued the French girl from her dangerous position. There she lay on the grassy bank insensible. The Indian was not used to formality. Sans ceremony he tore open the bodice of his charge.

Then he proceeded to apply all the remedies nature had taught him. Thus he was employed when from the timbered hillside rang out the sharp crack of a rifle. Mehawanta started, stood bolt upright, and then fell slowly forward across the prostrate form of the girl he had rescued—stone dead. A moment later Dornier appeared. A rifle still smoked in his hand. He kicked the dead body of the old chief aside, and by hard work brought his daughter back to life. Her first inquiry was for Mehawanta. The face of the Frenchman darkened as he pointed sternly at the silent corpse. The terrible truth then burst upon her. Her preserver had been slain by the very hand that should have clasped his in warmest friendship.

For years until the Indian wars broke out this girl visited the old chief's grave and placed choicest wild flowers upon it. It was the most she could do. Dornier was frantic when he discovered his mistake. He built the crude cross and buried the dead chief with his own hands. Every prayer the holy fathers had taught him in his native Quebec was said over the old hero's grave, but the reproach would not die. It haunted the Frenchman to his dying day.

Thus is told the story of the cross of Crane island by one who has heard it from Dornier's own lips.—Minneapolis Journal.

Serpents and Their Skins.

In tropical countries serpents are known to shed their skins at least twice a year, and I have heard that some exfoliate four times. In the United States the farther south we go the earlier we find the period, and in Florida I found some species shedding in March, at a time when Michigan snakes had not left their winter retreats. North of the forty-second parallel the innocuous snakes generally shed in June, but some individuals get rid of their old overcoat and come forth in spring style in the month of May. All of the nonpoisonous species change before the breeding season, and I presume the massasauga does also, but cannot assert positively, as I have yet to find an old one accompanied by young. As near as I can ascertain, our massasauga always exfoliates in July, at least during the heated term.

If one's knowledge of snake habits is alone from observations made on specimens in captivity but little credit should be given unless a study has been made covering a period of several years, and even then at best much is lacking. I am well satisfied that much that is written on the subject is copied from the writers of the marvelous or presented from stories recounted by others.—Dr. Morris Gibbs in Forest and Stream.

Blunders of Painters.

A picture representing the four elements was essayed by an Italian artist, and he selected fish to indicate the sea, moles the earth and a salamander fire. The chameleon was intended as the allegorical representative of the air, but the painter having no model of this animal, and knowing nothing about its shape, contented himself by introducing a camel. He probably thought in his ignorance that from a similarity of sounds they were one and the same animal.

Another painter, in a picture of the crucifixion, represented a father confessor holding out a crucifix to the repentant thief who was promised a place in paradise by the Saviour.—Detroit Free Press.

SENSES OF OWLS.

Interesting Experiments to Determine Their Lack of Smell.

The hearing of all species of owls known to me is marvelously keen; so keen in fact that I know of no way of testing it, since it is so much more acute than that of man. If owls have the sense of smell, I am unable to find satisfactory evidence of it.

I have tried various experiments with them, hoping to prove that they could smell, but the results are all negative. They dislike putrid meat, but they bite it to ascertain its condition. They will not eat toads or frogs which yield an unpleasant odor, but they did not reject these species until they had tested them by tasting.

They may be ever so hungry, yet they do not suspect the presence of food if it is carefully covered so that they can not see it. This test I have applied with the utmost care to the great horned, snowy and barred owls. The latter are shrewd enough to learn my ways of hiding their food, and when they suspect its presence they will search in the places where I have previously hidden it, pouncing upon pieces of wrapping paper and poking under feathers and excelsior with amusing cunning.

I tested them with the fumes of camphor, ammonia and other disagreeable and unusual smells, but they failed to show that they perceived them unless the fumes were strong enough to affect their breathing or to irritate their eyes. Finally I put a cat in a basket and placed the basket between the two owls. They were utterly indifferent to it until the cat made the basket rock, when both of them fled precipitately and could not be induced to go near the basket again.

Although Puffy will put a cat to flight when on his mettle, Fluffy is frightened almost out of his wits by them.

A Japanese toy bird, made of a piece of wood and a few scarlet feathers, was eagerly seized by Puffy, indicating not only a lack of power of smell but the presence of an appreciation of color. I have fancied that an appreciation of color is also shown by barred owls in their frequent selection of beech trees as nesting places, by great horned owls in their choice of brown trunked trees, and by Snowden in an apparent preference for gray backgrounds. — Frank Bolles in Popular Science Monthly.

Art in Abyssinia.

We found the walls of the churches in Abyssinia covered with pictures of Scriptural history and the walls of the cathedral with the exploits of Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians at Gorra and in the valley of Gundet are fully represented in tones as florid as those of advertising posters at home. The native artist does not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if these pictures have any merit it is in the originality of their treatment. For instance, in the cathedral of Gundet, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen in six shooters and in his left hand he holds a pair of opera glasses, while the Egyptian host sports Remington rifles.

All movement of figures is from right to left, and in all pictures heads are full faced, with the exception of satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile, to show their lack of honesty and good faith and their inability to look you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, and one which, ladies will say at once, only proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians, that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented by the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness by exhibiting their tongues.—Frederic Villiers in Century.

A Venerable Yew Tree.

In the churchyard at Darley Dale is the most venerable yew tree in the world. Many authorities claim for it a fabulous age, making it as much as 8,000 years old. It is thirty-three feet in girth, but its trunk has suffered not a little from the modern Goths and Vandals who have carved their names in the bark and employed other methods of mutilation. The tree is now fenced around to save it from further insult; and "whatever may be its precise age," says the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "there can be little doubt that this grand old tree has given shelter to the early Britons when planning the construction of the dwellings that they erected not many yards to the west of its trunk; to the Romans who built up the funeral pyre for their slain comrades just clear of its branches; to the Saxons, converted perchance to the true faith by the preaching of Bishop Diuma beneath its pleasant shade; to the Norman masons chiseling their quaint sculptures to form the first stone house of prayer erected in its vicinity, and to the host of Christian worshipers who from that day to this have been borne under its hoary limbs in women's arms to the baptismal font, and then on men's shoulders to their last sleeping place in the soil that gave it birth."—London Public Opinion.

Dangerous Stuff to Trifle With.

Says a druggist's assistant: "It is doubtful whether any preparation will remove superfluous hair from the face or neck. This can be done without difficulty by electrolcesis, but this is somewhat tedious and painful and few, ladies particularly, care to undergo the operation. There are, however, many preparations which will burn off all hair and very much restrict its growth.

"Barium sulphate is used in nearly all these preparations and seems to have unlimited destructive powers. It is best mixed with a very small quantity of oxide of zinc, and a mixture of these two articles, such as can be obtained at any drug store, is at least as safe a depilatory as any."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reassuring.

"Have you ever had a wreck, captain?" asked the nervous passenger.

"No, ma'am," replied the officer; "I'm a wreckless man."—Detroit Free Press.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success"

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

Richard Buckley, of Baraboo, Wis., has been killed by a train near Custer station, Mont.

An unknown tramp made an unsuccessful attempt to assault the 9-year-old daughter of Joseph Rosenbick, a farmer living near St. Joseph, Mich.

P. McLean was almost roasted to death at Carthage, Ill. He was pinned under a thrashing machine that fell through a bridge there.

Reports from farmers in South Dakota show the yield of wheat to be about thirty bushels to the acre. An average crop of corn is being harvested.

While attempting to place wreaths on a bust of Columbus in Rome a bloody fight took place between Clericals and Liberals. Guards quelled the disturbance.

The police of Paris have discovered an anarchist placard calling upon anarchists to kill the juries and judges who have respectively convicted and condemned members of anarchist societies.

Mexico has established depots from which food is supplied to the thousands of starving peasants in the famine-stricken districts. Large consignments of American corn are being received.

Forest fires are sweeping California in the vicinity of Sacramento.

In New York during the heated week from July 23 to 30 the deaths numbered 1,615.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-23, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lansale, S C.; Stephen Conlev, J C.; James Kelley, [illegible]

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G O Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 8 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 16th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 16th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawlor, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 9441 Archer av. 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3455 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 252 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E shiel, Treas; Dr F H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 589 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Wiser, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Dendlanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; P N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legunia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vena, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farrel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] Meech st; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Vena, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; S P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Vena, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2917 Emerald av; O Nienabach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Halihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bracciani, C R, 456 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranin, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacquet, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Kesper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 95 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 95 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres., 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Marshfield av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; James McDermott, Rec. Sec., 302 North Branch; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; D. J. Mahoney, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p m, cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Finerty, V. P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec., S. Chicago; Owen Aherne, Fin. Sec.; T. Aherne, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Depis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O Brien, Fin Sec.; Wm Webb, Treas Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

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Div. No. 27—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John McGeoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4604 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

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Div. 37—Pres, John P Dunbery, 5959 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

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Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R.R., S. Chicago.

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Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. J. Fitzgibbons treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

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Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larner Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 258 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

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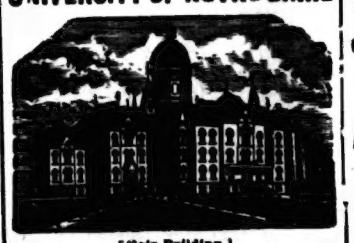

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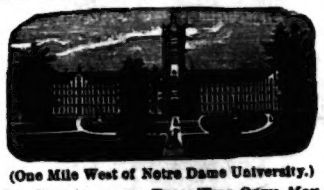

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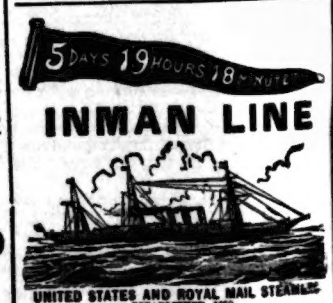

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